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Lyrics  
of the  
Soul

Marianne  
Farningham

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LYRICS OF THE SOUL



# *Lyrics of the Soul*

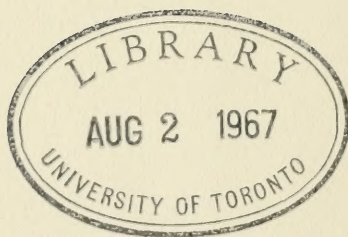
BY

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TO  
THOSE FRIENDS AND READERS  
WHO HAVE NOT EVEN YET GROWN TIRED  
OF MEETING ME IN  
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD  
AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK  
WITH SINCERE AND GRATEFUL GRATITUDE  
AND AFFECTION.



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## DIVINE GOODNESS AND CARE





## Divine Goodness and Care

### A PRAYER

LORD give—my life to bless—  
Thy gift of quietness.

Lord give me faith to see  
Thy love for mine and me.

Why should I be afraid?  
Thou hast the whole world made.

On Thee I rest my soul  
And yield to Thy control.

Lord bless me with Thy peace  
And bid my care to cease.

Lord, give me in the night  
The comfort of Thy light.

Forgive me for my wrong,  
And teach me yet a song.

Show me which path to take,  
Lead me for Jesus' sake.

And bring me, in Thy grace,  
Where I may see Thy face.

## GOD'S CARE

"The Lord preserveth them that love Him."

THOUGH a gift of sorrow  
Crown the year,  
What shall be to-morrow,  
Do not fear ;  
Nothing need alarm thee,  
Sorrow cannot harm thee,  
God is near.

What of thy departed ?  
Safe are they :  
Be not thou faint-hearted,  
Trust and pray ;  
When the shadows gather,  
Hasten to the Father  
Every day.

Lose no time in sighing ;  
Trust and love ;  
Happy living, dying,  
Thou shalt prove  
How He changes never,  
How He loves for ever,  
Friend above.

Therefore make to-morrow  
Glad with song ;  
Joy comes after sorrow,  
Peace stays long ;  
In His love abiding,  
In His shelter hiding,  
Be thou strong.

A PLEA

EACH child of Thine thus cries to Thee—

Take care of me.

There are so many things to fear,

I am afraid to walk alone,

I see so many perils near,

And weak and weary I have grown ;

Dear Lord, I lift my heart to Thee,

Take care of me.

I face the sunset wearily,

Take care of me.

I see no triumphs I have won,

And now the hour is very late,

I falter where I used to run,

How shall I reach my city gate ?

Dear Lord, I put my trust in Thee,

Take care of me.

Before me waits death's mystery,

Take care of me.

I know I need not be afraid,

Thou wilt be near as Thou hast been,

And faithful souls are not dismayed,

So I will meet the closing scene

With one calm, trustful cry to Thee,

Take care of me.

Dear Lord, regard my wistful plea,

Take care of me ;

Uphold me in the rugged way,

Be always with me in the night,

Grant me "strength equal to the day,"

And let me live with Thee in light.

My Saviour, thus I cry to Thee,

Take care of me.

## MEMORY

"The memory of Thy great goodness."—PSALM cxlv.

It meets me at the break of day  
And makes me every morning glad ;  
It travels with me all the way,  
And comforts me when I am sad ;  
This memory of love and grace  
Abides with me in every place.

I will extol Thee, O my King,  
And I will always bless Thy name ;  
Though I am weak Thy praise to sing,  
I would abundantly proclaim  
How tender is Thy gentleness,  
How wonderful Thy righteousness !

The Lord is gracious unto all,  
Full of compassion is Thy heart ;  
Thou listenest when Thy children call,  
Thou wilt not from Thy poor depart.  
The eyes of all wait upon Thee,  
And all shall Thy salvation see.

Thou raisest those that be bowed down,  
And Thou upholdest all who fall,  
For humble souls Thou hast a crown,  
And liberty for those in thrall :  
And all who in Thy kingdom are  
Are guided by Thy sun and star.

Unto all generations good  
Thou hast been, as Thou art to me ;  
O Father, who hast by me stood,  
I thank Thee for my memory :  
Hope bids me fear no change or ill,  
Thy goodness great will bless me still.

SAFE IN THY KEEPING

God of the sunshine, Lord of the tempest,  
 How could Thy needy ones live without Thee ?  
 Stress of the summer time, stress of the winter time  
 Urge us where only our safety can be.  
 Thou canst give peace 'mid the whirl of the waters,  
 Hushing the wind, and calming the sea ;  
 Aye, it is good to be, waking or sleeping,  
 Safe in Thy keeping.

We are so helpless, feeble, and strengthless,  
 Faint are our hearts when we fain would be strong ;  
 Distant our dear ones, weary our near ones,  
 Keep us, Protector from trouble and wrong.  
 All of our best unto Thee we make over,  
 Merciful God who hast cared for us long ;  
 Aye, it is good to be, singing or weeping,  
 Safe in Thy keeping.

God of the sowing time, Lord of the harvests,  
 Present in every place, blessing the earth,  
 Glad are Thy servants, rich are Thy labourers,  
 Filled as they work with rejoicing and mirth.  
 Then in the silences, now in the shadows,  
 Fear dies away, and good hope springs to birth ;  
 Aye, it is good to be, sowing or reaping,  
 Safe in Thy keeping.



## NO EVIL SHALL BEFALL THEE

How many, in the stress of years,  
My Father, through these words of Thine,  
Have cast before Thy feet their fears,  
And, looking where Thy star-lamps shine,  
Have laid them down, in peace, to sleep,  
Assured that Thou wouldst guard and keep ?

And I, Thy child, though half afraid,  
When the storm breaks across the sea,  
Still in the dark Thy will has made  
Have found these words to comfort me ;  
I fear no evil, why should I ?  
None can befall when Thou art nigh.

O, Father, whom I love and trust,  
Knowing Thee ever through Thy Son ;  
I joy in Thee, as true faith must,  
And gladly sing, Thy will be done ;  
For earth has no serenity  
Like this which comes from trust in Thee.

## THE PÆAN OF THE RETURN

" In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

WHAT is it to return and rest ?  
I am with God always ;  
His hand is over me to bless,  
He guides me through the days.  
Although sometimes the way is dim,  
And sombre is the night,  
I could not get away from Him,  
And would not if I might.

In confidence shall be my strength !  
Have I then lost my trust ?  
Bewildering noises of the world  
Vex me, because they must.  
But yet in quietness of soul  
My own life I may live ;  
I will not stray away from Love,  
Though Love may oft forgive.

Over the fields bereft and bare  
Float dear familiar chimes,  
And voices that I seldom hear,  
And half-forgotten rhymes  
Make music in the evening hour  
To urge my weary feet ;  
I will go home again to God  
And rest me in retreat.

And I shall find an open door,  
And see my Father's face,  
No angry sternness on His brow,  
But light of tender grace ;  
And the comfort of His welcoming  
Shall make all fear to cease.  
Ah, good it is to be at home  
With love and rest and peace.

## SAFE

THEY are not dead  
Whom the Father has taken ;  
Tenderly cared for,  
Not lost, nor forsaken ;  
Sweetly they rest,  
Whom the morning shall waken.

Happy are they  
Whom the Father is keeping ;  
They have forgotten  
The time of their weeping ;  
After sowing in tears  
In joy they are reaping.

We who remain  
Need not yield unto sorrow,  
But think of their joy,  
And hope from them borrow.  
Rest waits for us,  
And a fairer to-morrow.

## OUR FATHER

THINK what a Father is thine !  
He maketh His sun to shine,  
And fields that were barren are golden,  
The mountains in radiance beholden  
Are lifting their heads towards Heaven  
In praise for the light that is given.  
He giveth the plenteous rain,  
In blessing it falls on the plain,  
And Nature is glad for its flowing  
Since things, that were weary of growing,  
Are speaking their thanks through bright eyes  
Uplifted to Him and His skies.

Oh child, whom He loves, believe !  
Open Thy heart to receive,  
Be not afraid of to-morrow.  
It is laden with gladness, not sorrow.  
Be sure He will answer thy prayer,  
And carry thy burden of care.  
His is the rain and the sun,  
His will through His love shall be done ;  
The world of thy life in His keeping  
Is fitter for song than for weeping.  
Do not be sad, or repine,  
Think what a Father is thine !

## "I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES"

I WILL lift up my eyes,  
The earth shall not enthrall me,  
I will go forth with God  
Wherever He shall call me ;  
The muddy ways are low,  
I will attempt the mountains,  
And drink the purer streams  
Of the eternal fountains.

Care drags the spirit down,  
But eyes by faith uplifted  
O'er stony ways can climb,  
And see the hard rocks rifted,  
The higher airs are pure,  
The breezes aid endeavour ;  
Give me the upward path  
That ends in joy for ever.

Along the higher ways  
Are treasures to inherit,  
Great thoughts of God and life,  
The graces of the Spirit,  
The peace of those who trust,  
Rest-places for the weary,  
And comrades going home  
With hearts and voices cheery.

My help comes from the hills,  
The hills of God above me ;  
He dwells among the heavens,  
And He will always love me.  
He bids my soul ascend,  
His angels' voices call me ;  
I will lift up my eyes,  
The earth shall not enthrall me.



## THE HELPER OF HIS PEOPLE

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."—PSALM cxlvi. 5.

WHAT gracious things the Lord can do !  
He judges the oppressed,  
He feeds the hungry with good things,  
He makes the prisoner blessed.  
He raises them that are bowed down,  
He openeth blind eyes,  
The fatherless become His care,  
He hears the stranger's sighs.  
Thrice happy all who trust in Him,  
He hears them when they call ;  
And those whose hope is in the Lord  
No evil shall befall.

O, God of Jacob, and my God,  
My hope is fixed in Thee ;  
Thy graciousness to Israel  
In mercy show to me.

## FEAR NO EVIL

THOU art with God, beloved !  
Yield not to fear,  
Through the night's dark or storm  
He will be near :  
Whatever clouds may lower,  
What thunders roll,  
Evil shall not befall,  
He keeps control.

Thou art with God, beloved !  
Seek thou His face,  
Dread not the danger signs,  
Rest in His grace :  
Where'er the path shall turn  
His lights will shine,  
His love shall comfort thee,  
His strength be thine.

Thou art with God, beloved !  
Safe as are they  
Who in the Father's house  
See Him all day :  
Sing, then, the homeland songs,  
Soon will you meet,  
Thou art as truly kept  
Here at His feet.

Thou art with God, beloved !  
Ay, there or here :  
Live thou a joyous life,  
Have not a fear ;  
Safe in so great a love,  
Peaceful and calm ;  
Shall not thy life become  
One trustful psalm ?

## OUR HYMNS

LORD, they are like children's hymns,  
Hymns we sing to Thee :  
Yet we think Thou lovest them,  
Though they simple be.  
When our hearts are glad they rise  
Winging sweet ways through the skies.

Hosts of angels sing to Thee  
Round about Thy throne,  
Weary people voice their plea  
For Thine ears alone.  
Unto all Thou dost respond—  
Love of Christ all loves beyond !

Thou dost know all we can tell  
In our hymns and prayers,  
Yet, because, dear Lord, we dwell  
Where are sins and cares,  
It is good to Thee to bring  
Love and worship as we sing.

All together, young and old,  
We sing hymns to Thee ;  
And although our praise is weak,  
Thou wilt gracious be :  
In our Lord is all our trust,  
And we sing because we must.

## A THOUGHT OF TRUST

WHATEVER may betide me,  
O Lord, be near to guide me.

Cliffward, or through the hollow,  
Call Thou, and I will follow.

What though the journey lengthen,  
If Thou be near to strengthen ?

Or if it shortly endeth,  
If but my God befriendeth ?

'Twere better than earth's glory  
With Thee to end my story.

And better than my knowing  
To go where Thou art going.

Therefore, whate'er betide me,  
Dear Lord, be near to guide me.

A SONG OF HOPE

"Weeping may endure in the evening, but singing cometh in the morning."—  
PSALM xxx. 5 (A. V. margin).

THE tears do not wait for the morrow,  
Our days make us tired ;  
Sometimes we are fighting with sorrow  
When rest is desired.  
In the evening our burdens are heavy,  
And gloomy is night ;  
But the dawning, though late, is a promise,  
And heralds the light.

There is always a song for the morning ;  
Do not the birds lead ?  
We wake at the kiss of our Father  
To gladness indeed.  
Last night we were weary and hopeless,  
He gives a new day ;  
And the joy and the love that are in it,  
Which of us can say ?

We know not the wonderful blessings  
A day may bring forth.  
We stand with the sun in our faces ;  
From the east to the north  
The heavens are spread out before us,  
The red and the blue,  
And the beautiful morning is given  
To me and to you.

Dear heart, do not fear for the morrow,  
And do not expect  
That the hours will come laden with sorrow ;  
Be still and reflect—  
How often God gives us surprises  
To cheer us when sad !  
Make ready the songs and the praises  
For a day that is glad.

**WHY NOT ?**

WHY not believe the best ?  
Why be so swift to blame ?  
Why let a mist of bitterness  
Gather around a name ?  
Why should not you be advocate  
In the cold court of men ?  
And plead a brother's, sister's cause,  
So waken trust again.

Why not expect the best ?  
Why dread the coming years ?  
And why not welcome the unseen  
With smiles instead of tears ?  
To-morrow's sun may shine for you,  
Its friendships make you glad,  
Why not make ready for the joy  
And not expect the sad ?

Why not a helper be ?  
Why not encourage men ?  
The strengthen'd heart is filled with hope,  
The lonely sinks again ;  
There is a Father over all,  
His love is full and free ;  
For His dear sake be good and glad—  
Why not His Christian be ?

## BE NOT AFRAID

Be not afraid of the dark !

It is safe as the light of the day,  
With the glad sun gilding the way,  
And the merry waters at play,  
And above you the song of the lark—  
Be not afraid of the dark !

Be not afraid of the rain !

The drops are the good treasures sent  
To bring to earth its content,  
And to you they are blessings lent  
Till the blue sky is shining again—  
Be not afraid of the rain !

Be not afraid of the noise

Of the turbulent winds when they roar !  
Wait awhile till the tumult is o'er,  
And quiet and peace are once more,  
And the calm of familiar joys—  
Be not afraid of the noise !

Be not afraid, all is well !

The Controller is tender and strong ;  
The storm that is fierce is not long,  
And there follows the sound of a song ;  
His people in safety shall dwell—  
Be not afraid, all is well !

## YOUR FATHER KNOWS

THE world's great sorrows  
Are weights on your spirit,  
The woes of mankind  
Are griefs you inherit,  
You cannot be healed  
Of your trouble and pain,  
Because others are weary  
Of ills that remain.

You wonder that any  
Are glad and light-hearted,  
Why many have anguish,  
And joy has departed :  
You cannot but weep  
With those who are weeping,  
Your songs are for those  
Who are peacefully sleeping.

Yet, dear one, remember  
That God in His pity  
Is watching His children  
In hamlet and city ;  
He carries the burdens  
Of earth's sin and sorrow,  
And His love can give us  
A brighter to-morrow.

Is He not the Father  
Of all your sad brothers ?  
You trust for yourself,  
Try to trust Him for others :  
Oh, none can explain  
Why men must have woes  
But our hope is in God,  
And He cares, for He knows.



## A THOUGHT OF COMFORT

"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

So poor am I that I have nought to give,  
So poor in strength that I can only live,  
So poor in purpose that I needs must fail,  
So poor in faith I never can prevail.

I am so needy that no store is mine ;  
I need the sun of love to glow and shine,  
I need the steady stars to light my way,  
I need the strength to hope, the power to pray.

Needy and poor ! And can it really be  
That the Lord giveth kindly thought to me ?  
Why should He care ? None can the secret tell,  
But this, the Father loves His children well.

And love is generous, love delights to give ;  
He is the source of life, shall I not live ?  
Ah ! thought is born of love, and love is strong—  
O rich, glad heart of mine, lose plaint in song.

## A NEW SONG

"O sing unto the Lord a new song."

ARE not old songs the sweetest,  
Since out of love they grew ?  
Their theme is still the meetest,  
Their fervour is completest,  
Why need the song be new ?

Because of mercies thronging—  
New mercies every day—  
Silence would God be wronging,  
Thy spirit must be longing  
To Him new vows to pay.

Because with new endeavour  
Thou climbest life's long hill,  
And He forsakes thee never,  
Whose love is thine for ever,  
Do thou His holy will.

New music of thy making  
Must needs be poor and weak,  
And yet thy glad heart, waking,  
May dare the undertaking  
True words to Him to speak.

Sing of His great salvation  
Before thy Father's face,  
For He who saves a nation  
Accepts as thy oblation  
A new song of new grace.

## PRESENTLY

WHY cast in care thy joy away ?

Oh, heart, be still !

Fret not for blessings that delay,

The day of God is a long day ;

Be sure His help is on the way,

Wait thou His will.

He is a God of grace and might,

He will not fail ;

Look for His coming in the night,

He leaves thee not alone to fight,

Trust Him when breaks the morning light,

Love will prevail.

Lose not thy faith, hope and be strong,

Content to wait,

Thy heart's desire fulfilled ere long,

His angels will about thee throng,

Thy soul shall sing its vesper song,

And not too late.

## HOLD THOU ME UP

Hold Thou me up whene'er the way is hidden,  
And clouds hang darkly in the sky above ;  
When wild misgivings come to me unbidden—  
O Father, hold me closely in Thy love.

Hold Thou me up under each new temptation,  
Lest I should fall beneath its subtle power,  
Thou who art ever near, be my salvation.  
My rock, my fortress, in the trying hour.

Hold Thou me up when my weak heart is failing  
Before the troubles of the way I take.  
Make me to feel that thou art all-prevailing—  
That Thou wilt succour me for Jesus' sake.

Hold Thou me up, O Lord my God, whenever  
The flowers of pleasure spring around my days,  
And let no fancied joy my spirit sever  
From Thee, who gavest me Thy love always.

Hold Thou me up till I in death am sleeping—  
Till I am far from danger, safe and free.  
In that fair land where, in Thy gracious keeping,  
I rest for evermore at home with Thee.

DIVINE GRACE  
AND COMPANIONSHIP



## Divine Grace and Companionship

### THE PLACE OF REST

WHERE is the place of my rest ?  
In the heart of the Friend whom I love.  
As came to the ark the tired dove,  
I come at the end of my quest.  
Shall I struggle an entrance to win ?  
Nay, Love takes me in.

Where is the place of my rest ?  
In the heart of the Friend who loves me.  
How weary I am He can see,  
Whose love is the wisest and best ;  
Not my love, but His, makes the nest  
Where I am at rest.

## THE SAVIOUR'S WALKS

"I must walk to-day and to-morrow and the day following."—JESUS.

Dost Thou still walk this earth of Thine  
To-day as yesterday ?  
Men seek Thee where the clear lights shine,  
And in the shadows grey ;  
Dear Saviour, my Companion be,  
And let me walk awhile with Thee.

Come where the weary hearts are sad,  
Among the noisy streets ;  
Thou canst avail to make more glad  
The saddest heart that beats ;  
Dear Saviour, love and pity them,  
Who dare not touch Thy garment's hem.

Walk where beside the open grave  
Are weepings for the dead,  
And walk beside the boisterous wave,  
Where men are filled with dread ;  
Dear Saviour, where the people be,  
There everywhere is need of Thee.

And I, who fear to walk alone,  
Because my step is slow,  
Will very gladly hasten on  
Toward the sunset's glow,  
And watch the evening lights grow clear,  
If I may know Thee walking near.



## THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST

He does not seem to answer  
All my prayers,  
Nor always lift the burden  
Of my cares,  
And He has called me often  
Into night,  
And in the time of battle  
Made me fight.  
Yet if I know Him near me,  
All is well ;  
The comfort of His presence  
Who can tell ?

What if I miss my comrades  
On the way ?  
He never will forsake me  
All the day.  
And though I find the pathway  
Steep and long,  
And weary of the journey,  
He is strong ;  
So strong that I can rest me  
In His love,  
And see, as in a forecast,  
Heaven above.

Whatever life may bring me,  
I am sure  
The comfort of His presence  
Will endure.  
There may be gloomy valleys,  
Wind-swept heights,  
Weird noises in the shadows,  
Broken lights,  
But I will fear no evil,  
Christ will be  
A Guide, a Friend a Saviour,  
Aye to me.

## THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

"The common people heard Him gladly."

THREE Syrian summers on the lake  
And on the mountain side,  
Men watched and weighed and tested Him  
Whom last they crucified ;  
The great men of the cities scorned  
His mission and His claim—  
Who was this Christ of Nazareth ?  
This Man of lowly name ?

But when He walked amid the corn,  
Or rested by the well,  
Or paced the hot ways of their town  
With wondrous things to tell,  
Pathetic eyes were turned to Him,  
As careworn men passed by,  
And when His gentle voice was heard,  
The wayfarers drew nigh.

They listened, and the darkened world  
Grew fair with morning light :  
From weary shoulders burdens rolled,  
And life's dim ways were bright ;  
Hope touched the weary, wistful souls,  
Darkened with sin and care,  
And goodness was the heart's desire,  
And speech was turned to prayer.

Eyes, lighted with the new-found joy,  
Were turned toward His face ;  
The common people had not known  
Such dignity of grace ;  
And when he smiled and looked at them,  
Seeing them sick and sad,  
He loved, and healed, and pardoned them,  
Till they were strangely glad.

Ah, gracious Saviour of the world,  
 The people are the same,  
 The wistful, weary common-folk  
 Still need to know Thy name.  
 Why fail Thy messengers to cheer  
 The sin-sick and the sad ?  
 Oh, teach them how to love, and make  
 The common people glad !

### INFINITE COMPASSION

"I HAVE not known, I would not know,  
 The love of God to me :  
 I sought my joy in other things,  
 And craved for liberty ;  
 Ah, the mistake I made," he said,  
 " I know it now, at last,  
 And can your God forgive so late  
 My sin and all my past ? "

"He is your God, as well as mine,"  
 So the disciple said ;  
 "How dreary was the way you chose,  
 How rough a path to tread !  
 But the road home is very short,  
 Come, and confess your sin :  
 Christ Jesus is the door of hope,  
 And He will let you in."

"I am ashamed to come so late,  
 And yet so tired am I,  
 So weak and worn, so poor and sad,  
 I can do nought but die :  
 I will creep homeward to His feet  
 And so beseech His grace ;  
 Oh, Friend so slighted and forgot,  
 How shall I meet His face ? "

"He comes to you, not you to Him,  
 His mercy is so great,  
 You cannot weary out His love,  
 You do not seek too late ;  
 O weary prodigal ! come home,  
 You have no crown to win,  
 Your Father's heart for very love  
 In pity takes you in ! "

They wondered at the peace that lay  
 Upon the dead man's face,  
 Because they could not gauge the power  
 Or guess the Saviour's grace ;  
 But He who came to save the lost,  
 And died men's souls to win,  
 Loved and besought him to the end,  
 And therefore took him in.

### IN QUIETNESS

"He shall not strive nor cry."

WHY is the Master so patient yet  
 In the world where wrong is wrought ?  
 Takes He no heed of the riot of sin  
 While His will is treated as nought ?  
 Could He not thunder His judgments down  
 Where the men His power defy ?  
 Oh, the Master is great through His gentleness—  
*"He shall not strive nor cry."*

Not in the whirlwind, not in the storm,  
 But the still small voice of love,  
 Is His power to reach to the world's hard heart,  
 And its rebel will to move ;  
 He finds His way through the silences,  
 He hears the prayer of a sigh ;  
 In wooing whispers the Master pleads—  
*"He shall not strive nor cry."*

How does the Kingdom of Heaven grow ?  
 Never through war and noise,  
 But as the snowdrops do in spring,  
 And as love through household joys.  
 No blatant trumpet, no rush of war,  
 Proclaims the Christ-King nigh.  
 Though the kingdoms of earth shall all be His,  
*"He shall not strive nor cry."*

He shall not fail, nor discouraged be,  
 For Him the isles shall wait.  
 And He shall reign ever from sea to sea,  
 All nations shall call Him great.  
 And thus shall His Kingdom be ushered in,  
 As the light in the eastern sky ;  
 He shall save the world by the might of love—  
*"He shall not strive nor cry."*

### STRENGTH AND REFUGE

"Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat."—ISA. xxv. 4.

To this I sign my name,  
 This hast Thou been to me !  
 The story of my life  
 Tells what I owe to Thee.  
 For I was weak and poor,  
 Needy and in distress,  
 And Thou has been my strength,  
 A God of graciousness.  
 "A Refuge from the storm,  
 A Shadow from the heat,"  
 Too strong for me the winds,  
 Rough roads for my tired feet,  
 I had small power to live,  
 So weak and weary grown,  
 Oh, God, what hast thou been  
 Is known to me alone.

It blew a hurricane  
One day around my head,  
And I was tossed about,  
Bewildered, hard bestead ;  
And then I called to Thee,  
My God, my Stay, my Strength ;  
Thou camest at my need,  
The storm was hushed at length.

“ A Refuge from the storm,  
A Shadow from the heat.”  
The scorching sun beat down,  
The glare was in the street,  
Temptation, sin and shame  
Beset me in fierce light ;  
But oh ! the rest and peace  
That came with Thee, and night.

O Lord my God, Thy grace  
Is wonderful to me ;  
In every great distress  
Thou wilt my Helper be ;  
Whatever lies before  
Of sunshine or of shade,  
My life is hid with thee,  
And I am not afraid.

“HIMSELF TOOK OUR INFIRMITIES”

WHAT comfort is in fellowship !

O Master, who hast borne our grief,  
A thought of Thee may well equip  
The soul that cannot find relief,  
Yet in a happy interlude,  
Spent at Thy side, learns fortitude.

Teach us Thyself, for Thou hast borne  
The sicknesses that cause us pain,  
Thou wast Thyself by troubles torn,  
And Thou canst turn our loss to gain.  
Oh, kind Companion, Thou dost know  
How sorrows hurt us here below.

We bear Thy cross, our cross was Thine ;  
We weep sad tears, as Thou didst weep ;  
But round us Thy fair sunsets shine  
When we are weary and would sleep ;  
O Saviour, Thou wert tired and sad,  
And Thy compassions make us glad.

Open our eyes that we may see  
How near Thou art when sorrows press,  
Our sicknesses are healed by Thee,  
We cannot sink beneath distress :  
Joy comes with Thy companionship,  
And comfort is in fellowship.

## ENOUGH

LORD, give me help to-day ;  
So at the dawn I pray,  
Not knowing what may be 'twixt morn and night ;  
And ever, hour by hour,  
The needed gift of power  
Comes at my prayer ; the dark is changed to light.

O Lord, I am afraid ;  
So calls my soul, dismayed  
When the fierce sea, storm-lashed, is raging round ;  
But presently the calm  
Of some sweet evening psalm  
Fills my whole being with its soothing sound.

O Lord, it is enough ;  
Be my life smooth or rough,  
Thou art beside me, Thou wilt succour me ;  
Grant Thou me help each day ;  
Thou art my strength and stay,  
Living or dying, I am safe with Thee.



## HOME WITH CHRIST

"If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

DEAR Saviour, it was long ago  
I opened wide the door,  
And Thou didst enter graciously,  
And hast gone out no more ;  
Strange that Thou didst invite Thyself,  
And deign to be my guest,  
And stranger still that Thou hast stayed  
Content with me to rest.

Thou hast Thy home in highest heaven ;  
I can but see in dreams  
The emerald rainbow round Thy throne,  
Thyself the light that gleams ;  
But in my own familiar place  
And in my humble heart,  
Great King, Thou dost abide with me,  
And never wilt depart.

It is Thy face I look into  
When first my eyes awake,  
It is Thy voice I listen to  
Before my way I take ;  
It is my Master sets my task  
Between the hours of rest,  
It is Thy love that comforts me  
When day dies in the west.

Dear Lord, what were my life to me  
If Thou hadst not come in  
To give Thyself in love for me,  
And to forgive my sin ?  
Thou never wilt forsake me now,  
But Thou wilt stay with me  
Till all earth's shadows flee away  
And I go home with Thee.

## "GO, TELL THY FRIENDS"

O SAVIOUR who hast healed me,  
Let me stay !  
I would sit beside Thy feet  
All the day,  
The sunshine is the shining  
Of Thy face,  
Life has nothing best to offer  
But Thy grace ;  
If I leave Thee what can ever  
Make amends ?—  
But the Master only answers,  
*Go, tell thy friends.*

Lord, I am weak and frail,  
Passing out ;  
Can I say that I am healed  
When they doubt ?  
I could tell Thy love to others—  
But my own ?  
And I have a crop to reap  
I have sown !  
They will watch and they will judge  
Aims and ends.  
It is good to stay with Thee—  
*Go, tell thy friends.*

So I go, and He goes with me  
All the way.  
And I simply tell the story  
Day by day.  
They seem very glad to hear it,  
Whom I love ;  
For their hearts desire Him greatly  
From above.  
So when faith is growing weak,  
Through lower ends,  
I speak about my Saviour  
To my friends.

A MOMENT'S PAUSE

FROM the noise of many voices,  
 From the tread of hasting feet,  
 From the eager buying, selling,  
 Of the market and the street,  
 I have gained a little moment  
 For the hush of thought and prayer,  
 And the comfort of deep silence  
 Is around me everywhere.

Now come near to me, my Saviour,  
 Whom I most desire to see ;  
 Give Thy rest to me, world-weary,  
 All my longing is for Thee ;  
 Speak to me, I am Thy servant,  
 Yet awhile from work I cease ;  
 Give to me for my refreshment  
 Thy sweet benison of peace.

Then, renewed, restored, and strengthened,  
 After weariness and pain,  
 I will gladly, at Thy bidding,  
 Take my well-loved work again ;  
 Not in vain a moment's respite,  
 Great indeed Thy boon of rest ;  
 Yet, for all my life, dear Master,  
 Joyous work for Thee is best.

## MY SHIELD

"Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me."

I MUST go forth and take my part  
In cloudy day or darksome night;  
Let me not fail Thee, nor lose heart  
However fierce the fight.  
Lord, be Thou, lest I faint or yield,  
My shield.

Let me not be of foes afraid,  
Nor lose my courage in the stress,  
The weakest need not be dismayed,  
Whom Thou wilt bless.  
I rest me ever on Thy word,  
My Lord.

Unless Thou send let me not go,  
Nor follow other lights than Thine;  
I see Heaven's path from vales below  
When Thy lamps shine;  
Or through the dark to Thee I sing,  
My King.

Stand Thou between me and my fear,  
O mighty Saviour, tender friend;  
No harm can hurt if Thou art near,  
Stay by me till the end.  
With Thee I find a peace in strife,  
My life.

I gladly go and take my part,  
If Thou shalt bid me rest or fight;  
Strengthened by faith and strong of heart,  
I struggle to the light.  
Be Thou to me on every field  
My shield.

## THE SHEPHERD'S CARE

"He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

How large a flock the Shepherd tends !

So large that He alone can count,  
A multitude that never ends

Which He leads on from vale to mount ;  
And though the host be numberless  
He does not fail one lamb to bless.

Out where the happy pastures grow,  
And flashing streams their welcome sing,  
Where softly falls the summer snow,  
After the trees' sweet blossoming ;  
O'er luscious grass, through dewy meads,  
There the good Shepherd gently leads.

Sometimes it seems it would be well,  
If He could keep His flock within  
The meadow and the flowery dell,  
Out of the haunts of war and sin ;  
They might be safe in such retreat,  
But how to pass the dangerous street ?

For where Christ's flocks are hurrying through,  
Great traffic fills the noisy days,  
And sin insults, and foes pursue,  
But yet He leads them in safe ways ;  
Nor can they wander anywhere  
Out of the clasp of His great care.

No noise shuts out the Shepherd's voice,  
And each one hears it speak his name ;  
Then, comforted, he has no choice,  
But, turning back from sin and shame,  
Follows with swifter feet the call,  
And trusts the Shepherd's care through all.

And I, though often I have strayed,  
Come back to Thee, O Shepherd true.  
Weary, discouraged and afraid,  
Thy love will yet my faith renew;  
Thy fold has still an open door,  
And still my Shepherd goes before.

### WHERE ?

“ Where I am ye may be also.”—JESUS.

OFTEN I wonder a little where the heavenly Home may  
be,  
When I watch the glow of the sunset crimson the western  
sea,  
And the evening star clear shining where the fleecy clouds  
are fair,  
It seems as if some of the glory is already burning there.

And oft in the quiet morning when the daybreak goldens  
the East,  
And the light is spreading a table, and God calls the world  
to a feast,  
I wonder if far in the orient Heaven itself may lie,  
And if always the angels are singing, “ Glory to God on  
high.”

But I know it is love, not the place, that makes for us all  
a Home,  
A mother can make a Homeland wherever the children  
roam,  
And Heaven for me is where Jesus is, and there is my palace  
of grace,  
Where my eyes may cease from their longing and rest on  
my Saviour's face.

He is preparing the Home, He will have His children with  
Him,  
And the river of life round His throne is filling with joy  
to the brim.  
Oh ! little indeed it matters where the Heaven of my hope  
may be,  
When I see the King in His beauty Heaven will dawn  
for me.

### CHRIST'S FAVOURITE WORD

THE Master's word is "Come !"  
It is His favourite word ;  
And many hearing it afar,  
Rise up to meet their Lord.  
Right happy they who leave  
Their crooked ways and dim,  
For He makes glad where'er they go  
Those whom He takes with Him.

Therefore reply to Him,  
"Dear Lord, I come to Thee ;"  
Walk thou with Him through all life's ways  
And thus His glory see :  
His heart is full of love,  
His word is "Come," not "Go."  
O child of His, heed thou His call  
And perfect comfort know.

## A COMMON PRAYER

LORD, when the mists lie on my world,  
With autumn leaves beneath my feet,  
Or when the war-flag is unfurled,  
And I am threatened with defeat;  
When I wait fearfully to see  
What shall betide me,  
I lift my heart and hope to Thee—  
Guard me and guide me.

Lord, when my duties are a host,  
And clamorous calls my way pursue,  
When fear and panic judge me lost,  
Then intervene and help me through.  
I am not weak, but very strong,  
With Thee beside me,  
And prayer is changed to joyous song—  
Guard me and guide me.



## THE DAY OF THE LORD

"Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. Then look up and lift up your heads : for your redemption draweth nigh."  
JESUS.

A CLOUD of fear was on her youth,  
And veiled the sun away,  
The fear of God's stern punishment  
On some great awful day.

She questioned in the silent night,  
"When will that judgment be ?"  
The Saviour's tender voice replied,  
"My child, believe in Me."

The burden on her womanhood  
Pressed heavily for years,  
The world was bright with sun and love,  
But she was sad with fears.  
"I have offended God," she cried ;  
"When is His judgment-day ?"  
A voice replied, "The Lamb of God  
Bears all your sins away."

When age came slowly to her life  
As quiet evening fell,  
The grey clouds gathered in the skies,  
But Hope said, "All is well."  
And not a fear of hate or wrath  
Could hold her heart in thrall,  
She waited where the shadows lay  
And listened for the call.

For Christ had taught her faith's sweet trust,  
And through the shadows dim  
She had been comforted with love,  
For she had lived with Him.  
Ah, it was well when the light broke  
And brought the Lord's great day,  
Her happy eyes could see His face,  
Who smiled her soul away.

## AN OLD CHAPEL

No stately pillar rears its head,  
No chiselled stone, nor carven wood,  
But yet with reverent feet we tread  
This floor, where once our fathers stood.  
For Christian hearts grow strong and bold  
Within this chapel, worn and old.

The builders built it, half afraid,  
While bigotry and hate looked on,  
But Puritans were not dismayed,  
And Faith its glorious triumphs won,  
And here the voice of prayer and praise  
Made gladsome Sabbath holidays.

Here young lives gave themselves to Christ,  
Here old men learnt the way to die,  
Here happy lovers kept their tryst  
With Him whose grace had raised them high;  
Here pardon, joy and peace were given,  
With many a glimpse of Christ and heaven.

We thank our God for His clear calls  
To consecration, service, love,  
Which came to souls within these walls—  
Some who remain, and more above—  
For unto men who rough ways trod  
It was the very house of God.

God has been good to this old place,  
And He will sanctify and bless  
With His divine indwelling grace  
The new house with the same success.  
Exalt His name, and gladly sing,  
Glory to God, for He is King.

## WE ARE GLAD

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

THIS is our "Song of Degrees"  
As we go to the house of our love,  
Mounting the steps of our life  
From the lowlands to heaven above.  
In our distress did we cry,  
And lifted our eyes to the height;  
Now we are living on high  
In the calm of ineffable light.

The world waited long for its Lord,  
But at last He came, keeping the tryst;  
We know Him, the Strong to redeem,  
Our soul is escaped to the Christ.  
What wonderful things He has done  
For His people, the weak and the sad!  
The Son of the Father saves men,  
Whereof we are glad, we are glad.

## A DAY WITH JESUS

"They said unto him, Rabbi, where dwellest Thou ? He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day."

It was so like Thee,  
Gracious King of Peace !  
Wert Thou not busy ?  
Was the day to spare ?  
But Thy kind care for all men  
Does not cease.  
Thou always canst find leisure  
For love's prayer :  
All those who know Thee  
Long to know Thee more,  
And where Thou dwellest  
Is an open door.

I once was bold to ask  
"Where dwellest Thou ?"  
It was my heart's desire  
To live with Thee ;  
I do not need to crave  
An answer now,  
For Thou the secret  
Hast revealed to me,  
That Thou my Lord abidest  
Everywhere,  
And all my days  
Thy gracious presence share.

The day with Jesus  
Is a long, long day—  
It lasts from morn to night,  
From youth to age.  
I find my Lord at home  
All through life's way,  
His lovingkindness  
Is my heritage.

Wouldst thou know Jesus  
 And His love for thee ?  
 Be sure that He is saying,  
 "Come and see."

### A WORD OF COMFORT

CHRIST the Master speaks to me  
 When the winds are sighing,  
 When the mists lie on the earth,  
 And the flowers are dying,  
 When the eventide is dark  
 And the night is falling,  
 When my faith has lost her glow,  
 And my griefs are calling ;  
 Sweetly does my Saviour speak,  
 All my trouble through—  
*I will not leave you comfortless,*  
*I will come to you.*

Well I know His promises  
 Never have been broken,  
 In His love He has fulfilled  
 All that He has spoken ;  
 And in this my time of need  
 He is drawing nearer,  
 My dear Lord, whom years have made  
 Better known and dearer !  
 So I rest me in His love,  
 Whom through faith I see ;  
 He has not left me comfortless,  
 He has come to me.

Ah, Lord Jesus, I am glad  
 Even in my sorrow ;  
 I shall not be left alone,  
 Therefore fear no morrow ;

Only speak to me again  
 When my hope is sleeping,  
 Only let me know myself  
 Safe within Thy keeping,  
 Day by day to strengthen me,  
 Thy good word renew—  
*I will not leave you comfortless,  
 I will come to you.*

### “SPEAK THE WORD ONLY”

So easily we might be healed,  
 O gracious, mighty Lord,  
 If Thou would'st only will it so  
 And speak the healing word;  
 Thou couldst make all the storms to cease  
 By one divinely uttered “*Peace!*”

And yet great sorrows touch our lives,  
 And we are faint with fear,  
 And all day long, from Thy dear world,  
 Thou, through all sounds, canst hear  
 Our eager wishes clamouring  
 Around thy throne, O mighty King.

But those who know Thee best have learnt,  
 Whate'er the changes be,  
 Of joy or sorrow, sun and shade,  
 To leave it all with Thee;  
 Therefore speak words that give us faith,  
 And all is well in life and death.

## BE WITH ME

WHOEVER else may walk with me,

Lord, be Thou near ;

Thy presence in life's mystery

Will banish fear ;

There is a shadow on my way,

There is a darkness in the day,

Till Thou appear.

Be with me in the silences

And in the noise ;

In that dim place where sorrow is,

And in my joys ;

With me whate'er in life be wrought,

And what of pain, or work, or thought

My mind employs.

Thy mercy is not very far

From anyone ;

I see Thee in the evening star,

And in the sun ;

And surely where Thy children wait

Thou comest, ere the time be late,

Forsaking none.

I know that Thou art everywhere,

In all my ways ;

How sweetly through the summer air

Earth sings Thy praise,

For Thou, its Lord, art very near ;

Oh, speak to me that I may hear

In these glad days.

And then I will not be afraid

Of anything ;

I will again lift up my head

And try to sing ;

And I will no more be dismayed,

Thou hast my rest and comfort made,

O Lord, my King.

## A STRANGER?

*I was a stranger*

*And ye took me in.*

Lord, when Thou camest

To this earth of sin

Thou wast Revealer,

And the lighted earth

Grew sweeter in the blessing

Of Thy birth ;

Thy touch of healing

Was so true and strong

That men were happy

Who had suffered long,

And every heart was glad

The best to win,

Who saw Thee stranger,

And who took Thee in.

Yet Lord Thou wast a stranger,

When Thine own

Forsook and left Thee

Weary and alone,

Misunderstood Thee,

Paid Thy love with slight,

And chose their darkness

Rather than Thy light.

Yet wistful eyes were turned

In hope to Thee,

And Thou didst comfort them

And set them free,

For none who trust in Thee

Are desolate,

O patient Saviour,

Who dost love—and wait.

They never knew Thee

As we know Thee now,

Jesus, our best-beloved,

No stranger Thou !



Yet do we long to know  
 More of Thy grace,  
 Still are we seeking Thee  
 In every place,  
 Give us Thy life to know,  
 Thy face to see,  
 We Thy disciples pray  
 With Thee to be ;  
 Stay with us, Christ our Lord,  
 Unto the end,  
 Never a stranger now,  
 Intimate Friend !

### "THE WORD THAT CAME"

You go to the South or the North  
 Because of the Word that came.  
 What was it that sent you forth ?  
 The charm of a mighty name.  
 And away, and over the deep blue sea,  
 To lands where the stranger-peoples be,  
 You carry a message to set them free,  
 Because of the Word that came.

It is you who are brave and strong  
 Because of the Word that came.  
 Your life is a sacred song  
 For love of the Saviour's name ;  
 He is the Leader you keep in view,  
 Be the days of labour many or few—  
 And we are the hosts who pray for you,  
 Because of the Word that came.

## CHRIST'S WORD, "FEAR NOT"

CHRIST'S whisper must never be drowned  
In the flood of the talk about Him :  
The quiet heart hears the soft sound,  
When day has grown dim.

His word on the turbulent sea  
Was "Fear not," and "Be not afraid";  
How oft has He spoken to thee,  
In trouble dismayed !

He speaks it again in our ears ;  
So easily frightened are we  
That His "Fear not" alone stops our tears,  
And helps us to see.

He walks on the sea of our life,  
And His tones, when He speaks, are so calm,  
That the end of our strenuous strife  
Is a confident psalm.

Men, eagerly faithful and true,  
Not on you is the whole burden laid ;  
I think that He whispers to you,  
"Oh, be not afraid."

The Kingdom of Christ is so strong  
That it flourishes even in dearth ;  
It shall triumph in jubilant song  
Through peace on the earth.

Be hopeful, let faith have her way,  
Work upward, through good and through ill ;  
Dawn heralds a radiant day ;  
Fear not, but be still.

## "MY REDEEMER LIVETH"

I do not mourn my Lord as dead,  
Although my sins have made me weep ;  
For when He, dying, bowed His head  
Upon the Cross, and fell asleep,  
Our sins and sorrows with Him taking,  
It was a sleep that knew a waking.

It was a garden where He lay—  
A garden has both flowers and song—  
He rested until Easter day,  
But Death could not its power prolong  
The sepulchre a transient prison,  
And, ever since, *the Lord is risen*.

To-day, His Kingdom, mightier grown—  
Such wonders has the Master wrought—  
The Christ can claim the world His own ;  
He dominates the people's thought,  
And everywhere to Him are turning  
The hearts of men in prayer and yearning.

It is with Him life's road I walk,  
And He with me for my great need ;  
And as I listen to His talk  
I know the Lord is risen indeed ;  
And unto me, my spirit cheering,  
He has each day a new appearing.

I know He lives, because I hear  
His gracious words, and feel His touch ;  
One always knows the loved one near,  
I am of those who love Him much :  
He is my Comforter in sorrow,  
I need not fear a dark to-morrow.

Let us all sing His praise to-day,  
Men, women, and each little one ;  
For His light shines upon our way,  
And the world prays, " His will be done " ;  
While loving faith this tribute gives,  
*I know that my Redeemer lives.*

## LESSONS FROM NATURE



## Lessons from Nature

### TIME TO HOPE

OPEN all the windows  
To the sun !  
Winter's reign is over,  
Spring begun ;  
Darkness is departing,  
Skies are blue,  
Distances are dawning  
The mists through ;  
After longest waiting  
Spring is won—  
Open all the windows  
To the sun.

Signs of gloomy winter  
Still remain,  
Last year's leaves lie sodden  
On the plain,  
But the light stays longer  
In the street,  
And about the garden  
Songs are sweet ;  
Give the flowers a welcome  
One by one—  
Open all the windows  
To the sun.

Take to heart the sunshine,  
Weary men,  
After disappointments  
Hope again.

## LYRICS OF THE SOUL

God will clothe the meadows  
In bright gold,  
He will give you blessings  
New and old,  
Triumph after failure  
Shall be won—  
Open Faith's clear windows  
To the sun.

## SNOWDROPS

THEY rise erect from the soddened mould,  
White snowdrops :  
Stately, if fragile, their stems can hold  
The drooping heads though the winds are cold,  
White snowdrops.

In graceful greeting they bow to us,  
Sweet snowdrops :  
They are friendly, debonair, courteous,  
Glad are we all when we see them thus,  
Sweet snowdrops.

First heralds these of the coming spring,  
Brave snowdrops :  
A pledge and a promise of good they bring,  
And they make the heart of the world to sing,  
Brave snowdrops.

They bear the winter, or rough or mild,  
Strong snowdrops :  
And they are pure as a baby child,  
And live their lives as the undefiled,  
Strong snowdrops.



Give us a lesson to learn from you,

Dear snowdrops :

Of sweetness, humility, courage true,

And the life we may live 'neath the heavenly blue,

Dear snowdrops.

And take our thanks for your generous growing,

Wise snowdrops :

For dreams of the future which you are showing,

For gladness of summer with roses glowing,

And days of joy to which we are going,

Wise snowdrops !

### A SPRING SONG

AH ! what a city of love is a hedge

On these April days !

The birds are so glad they sing at their work

In love and praise,

And they woo one another the whole day long

In prettiest ways.

The old world seems to grow young again

For the love it sees ;

The leaves are embracing, the trees laugh out

With the dancing breeze,

And the merry birds are the leaders in love,

For they live to please.

Ah, hearts that are cold, come out and feel

The warmth of the spring,

The flowers and the birds will make you ashamed,

If you do not sing.

Do you know how to love ? If not, try to learn :

Love is everything.

## ANOTHER MAY

Is there aught so precious  
As blessings delayed ?  
The touch of an angel  
For which we prayed ?  
The day we have longed for  
Through dreary nights ?  
The sun of healing ?  
The golden lights ?  
Bright flowers of promise  
Along our way !  
Then let us thank God  
For another May.

Oh, the merry May morning  
Is theme for song :  
The skies are blue  
And the light lasts long ;  
The sun kisses all things,  
His smile is sweet  
On the grass-green meadows,  
And in the street ;  
There is carolling laughter  
Over the plain ;  
Wake early, rise gladly,  
'Tis May again !

Dear heart, grown weary  
Of pain and sorrow,  
Look out, and look up  
For a glad to-morrow ;  
Who wakes the daisies  
To drink the dew  
Has fulness of blessing  
And joy for you :  
Goodness and mercy  
Are on their way :  
And God sends His love  
With another May.

## SINGING LARKS

LARKS, what is it you sing,  
Aloft there, over the corn ?  
From the heights sweet carols you fling,  
Is it there that your joy is born ?

Is it the bright clear air  
That wakens your jubilant praise ?  
Is it thanksgiving or prayer  
Makes you so glad all the days ?

My song oft ends in a sigh ;  
Your singing, from morning to night,  
As you flutter your wings there on high,  
Is thrilling with perfect delight.

Ah ! larks, you are never afraid,  
And why should I be ? I am not !  
My Father will come to my aid,  
And happy as yours is my lot.

## ANOTHER SUMMER

THE glad sweet summer is come again,  
Ah ! for the music on hill and plain,  
Music of forest,  
Whisper of breeze,  
Rush of the waterfall,  
Songs of the trees.  
Solo and chorus,  
Anthem and chaunt,  
And joyous love ditties  
That nothing can daunt ;  
And night with its lullaby plashings of rain,  
Ah ! the sweet summer is here again.

Summer is hailed by the dear old earth,  
'Tis good to be spending a time of mirth.

List to the laughter  
Of leaves and flowers,  
To the dancing frolics  
That last for hours ;  
See how the corn-fields  
Smile and thrive  
Is it not gladsome  
To be alive ?

Heath, moor and meadow are full of mirth,  
And ah ! the joy of the dear old earth.

Love is abroad in this land of ours,  
Rich is the country with wealth of flowers,

Chestnut and woodbine,  
Cowslip and may,  
Lilic, laburnum,  
The flowers are at play.  
The birds are all merry,  
The thrush and the lark,  
For the days are all sunshine,  
The nights are not dark.

Sad times are past, the winter is o'er,  
God has given us summer once more.

How shall I thank thee, Father Divine,  
For filling with summer this life of mine ?

Thou art still near me  
Answering prayer,  
Lifting the burden,  
Bearing the care ;  
Working Thy miracles,  
Freeing from thrall,  
Giving new hopes

To the hearts of us all.

Help me to praise Thee, Father Divine,  
For Thy gift of summer to me and mine.

WHY NOT BE GLAD?

THERE is a sad heart evermore  
 For one that aye rejoices :  
 Yet let the people lift their hearts,  
 And sing with merry voices—  
 Cares be forgotten, burdens down ;  
 Amidst this radiant weather  
 No one is wholly desolate ;  
 Let us be glad together.

No good we loved is really lost,  
 Nor vain the least endeavour ;  
 God's care encircles everyone,  
 And blesses him for ever.  
 These truths gleam out in words of white  
 From all the hawthorn hedges,  
 And smile in blue forget-me-nots  
 From all the summer sedges.

Be good, be glad : your share of joy—  
 Is it not in your keeping ?  
 You might be glad for very love,  
 Though all the world were weeping ;  
 But now that all things wear a smile  
 Let faith keep pace with sorrow,  
 And praiseful song and trustful hope  
 Be ready for to-morrow.

Sickness and death so oft are near—  
 They must be God's evangels ;  
 If once their faces were unveiled  
 Our eyes would see the angels ;  
 And Death is but " the Gate of Life,"  
 Which every day moves slowly—  
 Why weep, dear heart, why not be glad ?  
 Death is but life made holy.

## WHEN THE DOOR OPENED

COMRADES in pain, a weary group,  
We waited at the door ;  
The door was strong, and high, and black,  
And we were weak and poor.

We waited by it months of weeks,  
The slow dark hours crept by ;  
We saw no glimmer of the sun,  
No star in any sky.

At last, the great door slowly swung  
And, ah ! the magic scene,  
We saw a world of beauty where  
Nothing but dark had been.

And lo ! it was the summer time,  
Of joy, and sun, and light ;  
The blackness was not anywhere,  
The day had conquered night.

\* \* \*

Ah ! friends, still kept behind the door,  
The same surprise may be  
At hand to-day as that which came  
That wondrous morn to me.

When the world opens to the day,  
You, too, will find it bright,  
And wonder whence the light has come,  
And where has gone the night.

So, hope as well as wait, for God  
At His right time will make  
The black door turn upon its hinge,  
And the glad world awake.

## A SUMMER PRAYER

OH, send Thy summer to my soul,  
Lord of the changing times ;  
Make Thy grand music o'er me roll  
From sea and river chimes ;  
Give me my share of growth and good,  
Like thriving corn and songful wood.

Thou givest more abundant life  
To wheat, and grass, and tree,  
That rise and stretch in upward strife—  
Lord, give such strength to me.  
Restore me with Thy Spirit's breath,  
And let divine life conquer death.

O Sun of Righteousness, shine through  
The mists of sin and care,  
Call fragrant blossoms fresh and new  
To spaces rough and bare ;  
And, by the glory of Thy face,  
Make my life show some signs of grace.

I lift my weary eyes to Thee,  
My Saviour and my King !  
Extend Thy bounties unto me,  
And teach my lips to sing ;  
My times are under Thy control,  
Lord, send Thy summer to my soul.

## RAIN AND SUN

GREAT is the change that an hour has made :

Black are the waters that erst were blue,  
The leaves are trembling as if afraid,

The wrathful clouds will let no light through :  
Angry thunders and pelting rain  
Bring some of the winter back again.

But after the torrents have ceased to rush,

And all the wrath of the storm is spent,  
The world grows calm in a wondrous hush,

And sky and sea are in glad content.  
Ah ! for the beautiful blessing of rain  
Earth and the people give thanks again.

So may it be in this life of ours !

Swift are the changes that come and go,  
But the storms are only like summer showers,

Joy dries the tears of our sorrow so :  
Be not afraid, dear heart, of the rain,  
Swiftly God sends you His sun again.



## FLOWERS IN THE CRANNIES

FLOWER-HOSTS that grow in meadows  
Are open to all eyes,  
They lift their many-coloured heads  
Straight upward to the skies ;  
But the flowers that grow in crannies,  
And shed their scent unseen,  
Are the sweetest and the dearest,  
And valued most, I ween.

Dear heart, be glad, take comfort,  
For you are like these flowers ;  
You live in quiet places  
And brighten clouded hours.  
And what you are men see not,  
But God, who knows you best,  
And the favoured ones who find you,  
Love you—and end their quest.

## THE RAIN

DID God hear the suffering things  
Silently complain ?  
Such a thirsty land it was  
Panting for the rain.  
Green grass slowly scorched to straw,  
Wide fields parched and dry,  
People lifting eyes that ached  
To the blinding sky,  
And the fierce heat on the street  
Never passing by !

But at last black hosts of clouds  
Gathered in the west ;  
Passed in gloom across the heavens  
As in solemn quest.  
Then the lightning cleft its way  
Over land and main,  
And the thunder, swift and loud,  
Rolled along the plain,  
While, for comfort and for love,  
Fell the healing rain.

All the faces of the leaves,  
All the drooping flowers,  
All the grasses, and the corn,  
Turned to greet the showers.  
Drinking deep the waters cool  
Earth had prayed for long,  
All the fields laughed out for joy,  
Everything grew strong ;  
And the happy world praised God  
In a glad new song.

Ah ! how soon a change is made  
By abundant rain !  
Lord of all life-forces, make  
Our life strong again.

Many of Thy people live  
 In such weary ways,  
 Faith and courage, hope and love,  
 Languish in these days,  
 Lord, send rains of fuller life,  
 And fill our souls with praise.

### SUNSHINE

THE skies have been darkened the winds have brought rain,  
 But to-day there is joy, for the sun shines again :  
 The world becomes merry, and the birds stay to sing ;  
 Almost we forget that September is not Spring.

Oh, the gladness of the sun is too great to tell in song :  
 It is like to Love's own comfort when the day has gone  
 wrong.

It is like the touch of Peace after conflict and care,  
 It is like the kiss of God in His answer to prayer.

His young love the sunshine, but it cannot be told—  
 Though a thousand should essay—what the sun is to the old,  
 So gracious, so healing, so generous of cheer  
 It is life, it is blessing, in the autumn of the year.

They are very lovely thoughts, they are always happy dreams,  
 That the aged man has who rests in its beams ;  
 Ah, the warmth and the radiance are better than gold  
 When life is declining and he is weak and old.

I like the Psalmist's vision when dawn had begun,  
 And he sang in his gladness " The Lord is a Sun " :  
 The seers saw His coming while yet it was night,  
 But now is no darkness for Christ is the Light.

So I live in His sunshine the whole day long,  
 And whatever the weather my heart has its song.  
 The light will last out till my rest be won,  
 And even at life's setting I will live in the sun.

## A RAINBOW

LIKE a grim prophecy of dearth and doom,  
Written around my country and for me,  
Was the sad earth one day, shrouded in gloom,  
With no light cheering either land or sea,  
As if the sun were buried in a tomb,  
Hiding his face from all the ills to be.  
So seemed the world, oppressed with sin and sorrow,  
Filled with great loss to-day, and dread to-morrow.

The pelting rains beat down with hurting might,  
Like hosts to vanquish all opposing foes;  
The morning was as gloomy as a night,  
The black waves thundered forth a wail of woes,  
And all the trees were shaken as with fright.  
But, as the afternoon drew to its close,  
Over the mountains and the brightening sea  
God sent a rainbow to the world—and me.

A wondrous change His promise brought about,  
Hope drove depression from departing day,  
Faith rose in triumph over gloomy doubt,  
And sin and sorrow held no longer sway.  
Falsehood, injustice, were not quite cast out,  
But love and mercy have more might than they;  
I let the storm of fear and dread go by,  
Since God had set His rainbow in the sky.

O brothers, weary of life's wrong and pain,  
Of battling with the storms that wildly beat,  
Be of good courage and take heart again,  
The right and truth need never fear defeat.  
God over all His foes at last shall reign,  
And all the world shall seek the Conqueror's feet.  
God with His rainbow spans the sea of sorrow,  
Forth in His name, and win the fight to-morrow.

## A COMMON EXPERIENCE

"Too much rain we have had," said we ;  
Days and weeks of it, mornings and nights,  
Little of summer indeed has come,  
The sun withheld its grandest lights ;  
Then we had a few most exquisite days,  
And saw the work of the diligent rain,  
The hedges were covered with flowers—but the roads  
Grew dry and dusty and hot again.

The world drank much, is it thirsty still ?  
We asked in wonder, as every day  
The foliage lost its beauty of green,  
And was dry and dusty and brown and grey ;  
Until one morning it rained again  
And refreshed the things that were growing faint,  
While the wild flowers laughed and lifted their heads  
And the trees at the roadside ceased complaint.

And this is like my life ! I said.

How have I longed for the kiss of the sun !  
But I cannot bear it without the rain.

If the sun shone only my life would end ;  
But the gentle rains are like hands that are cool,  
They touch me, and I am strong again.

O God, whom I thank for the sunny warmth,  
I thank Thee, too, for the clouds and the rain.

## A SEA-MIST

It is the summer,  
    Though the day is dim,  
And there is music,  
    Though we hear no hymn.  
The banks are covered  
    With a wealth of flowers,  
Glad birds are singing  
    In the far-off bowers,  
The corn is waving  
    On a thousand fields,  
The purple moorland  
    Still its heather yields,  
No touch of beauty  
    Has the Lord forgot—  
It is the summer  
    Though we see it not.

It is thy summer,  
    Though the mists alone  
Seem to encompass thee,  
    And seas make moan ;  
The heavy clouds  
    Shut out the fair blue sky,  
But thou art not alone,  
    For God is nigh ;  
The mountains of His strength  
    Are round about,  
His mercies do not cease  
    For all thy doubt ;  
The fields of God are rich  
    For thy receiving,  
And all is well—  
    Oh ! be thou glad believing.

## THE MOORS

A WIDE, wide world is the world of moors  
Acres of heather, and miles of space ;  
There is magic indeed in the world out of doors,  
The world of the lifted face.

There is nothing between it and heaven above,  
It is beloved of sun and rain,  
How showers beat it in play and love  
Till the skies smile down again.

Solitude reigns in this world aloof ;  
The world of noise is away in the street.  
Crowds do not seek the moorland—for proof,  
Here is no sound of feet.

Yet are these silences full of God ;  
It is He who possesses the quiet ways,  
The whin and the heather, the plants and the sod,  
Whisper to Him their praise.

## THE HARVEST MOON

ARE you blessing the earth in your Maker's name,  
Harvest moon ?

The sun went down in a crimson flame,  
But you stole up to your placid height  
Quietly, tenderly, calm and white,  
As if breathing benisons over the sod,  
Like an angel's touch, or the kiss of God,  
Harvest moon !

You make a beautiful world of the earth,  
Harvest moon !

You are too stately for riotous mirth,  
But gladly, silently smile on the gold  
Of the fields that have brought forth a hundred-fold,  
While soft winds whisper among the sheaves,  
And your lamp is lit for the dance of the leaves,  
Harvest moon !

You have all the world to yourself sometimes,  
Harvest moon !

For you is the music of midnight chimes  
On the broad wide spaces of purple moor,  
Or the rock-walled cave, or the sanded floor ;  
And you make a silvery path on the sea,  
A path of light to where Heaven may be,  
Harvest moon !

But I thank you most for your grace to men,  
Harvest men !

You kiss the weary faces again,  
And the quiet homes, and the sleeping eyes  
Grow fair in the shadows of night-blue skies,  
And you touch the sordid streets of the town,  
Till it seems as if Heaven itself comes down,  
Harvest moon !



I loved you always. Shine on for me,  
                     Harvest moon,  
 When my boat sails over the unknown sea,  
 And I find my way to the other shore—  
 Nay, then I shall need thee, moon, no more,  
 For in that city that has no night,  
 The glory of God and the Lamb is the light.  
                     Not sun, nor moon !

### A LAY OF SEPTEMBER

SHE never has worn her welcome out ;  
 Lady September does not doubt  
     The love with which we hold her.  
 Very fair is her face, and glad ;  
 No lost lovers have made her sad,  
     Pleasure and peace enfold her.

She is the richest Queen of all,  
 Golden harvests come at her call ;  
     She wakens mirth and singing.  
 She adds large gifts to the people's food,  
 And, ah ! the nuts in the merry wood,  
     Where the " traveller's joy " is clinging.

She is the summer's last good-bye,  
 But she does not let the flowers die,  
     Nor cloud the sunset's glory.  
 Coming troubles mar not her face,  
 But soft with gentleness, fair with grace,  
     She lives and tells her story.

She has a lesson for us to con ;  
 What if life's summer will soon be gone ?  
     We have a glad September.  
 Not till we must let us think of cold,  
 But live in the sunshine's blue and gold,  
     Nor trouble about November.

## FURZE THE FAITHFUL

THE bracken is brown, the ling grows grey,  
Few flowers are left on the mountain side,  
And the rains are washing the summer away,  
But the yellow gorse will still abide :  
Its gold it will all the winter bring,  
And be first to welcome us back to spring.

Snows may fall on it, winds may shake,  
Fogs may cover it out of sight,  
But every day it will be awake  
With its cheery golden lamps alight.  
I wish that more people would see and bless  
The gorse, true emblem of faithfulness.

It blooms afresh in the autumn days  
To show that Love is in fashion yet,  
That all the year it will give God praise,  
Even though other plants forget ;  
Some flowers may die by the touch of cold  
But the living furze will keep its gold.

O cherish your greenhouse darlings still  
To deck your tables in darker hours,  
But give to me the gorse on the hill,  
So strong and free with its golden flowers.  
It is like dear eyes that in winter shine :  
Furze the faithful is friend of mine !

## WHAT MAKES MUSIC ?

LAST night we stood beneath the trees  
And listened to their harmonies,  
Wishing that life might easier be  
With quiet times for you and me ;  
We told each other of our cares,  
And echoed some unanswered prayers ;  
Yet hushed our talk sometimes to hear  
The sweet leaf music soft and clear,  
And felt that God and Love were near.

To-night the world is still and calm,  
There is no sound of any psalm ;  
No leaf is ruffled, not a flower  
Bends its sweet head in this hot hour.  
There are no organ notes for us,  
And you and I who listen thus  
Find all things too inert to please,  
Long vainly for the troubled breeze  
To make the music in the trees.

Absolute calm is never bliss,  
Better the lashing winds than this :  
In sorrow greatest things are wrought,  
In sorrow sweetest songs are taught !  
Ah, friend ! if e'er our lives should make  
Music for others, for Love's sake,  
Less in our quiet dreamful days  
Shall we bless them and give God praise  
Than when we pass through troubled ways.

## IN NOVEMBER

THIS is the sad month of the year  
When flowers die down and leaves are sere,  
Yet be not thou morose and drear.

If mists are thick, and skies are grey,  
And sodden is the onward way,  
Reason there is that hearts be gay.

So short the day, so long the night,  
So rare the hours of brilliant light,  
Yet trust should make us calm and bright.

We will keep cheery household fires,  
Hold fast to love that never tires,  
And let Hope kindle pure desires.

Let the heart practise Faith's dear hymn  
Not all November days are dim,  
There is a lamp that Love can trim.

Be sure that ease comes after pain,  
That God makes sunshine follow rain,  
That all good blessings yet remain.

This is the month for quiet rest,  
Cease then awhile from eager quest,  
And wait serenely for life's best.

## WINTER CHEER

Fog in the morning, rain at night !  
The wild wind howls as if in fright,  
The ground is sodden, the trees are bare,  
There's a sound as of sobbing in the air,  
And the miss of the summer is everywhere,  
For this is the dark November.

Yet the sun beams on us now and then,  
The robin is singing his song again,  
Where the ivy and holly intertwine  
Away on the hedges the berries shine,  
And pleasures unlooked for are thine and mine,  
Sometimes in the dark November.

And thus may it be in this life of ours :  
When the touch of autumn has slain our flowers—  
We shall have some gay, glad days between,  
The grass in the meadow is always green,  
And often the lovely blue skies are seen  
Even in life's November.

Let us light the lamp, draw near to the fire,  
God will give us our heart's desire,  
Love to light us when days are dim,  
Cups of gladness filled to the brim,  
And quiet hours to be spent with Him,  
In every dark November.

## THE BLESSING OF THE GLOOM

*"All sunshine makes a desert,"*

So the Arab proverb runs,  
And the Arabian feels the power  
Of burning sands and suns ;  
The yellow miles all waterless,  
The glitter and the glare,  
But little of the cooling showers  
That make a country fair.  
No days of fog, no nights of snow,  
No days of frost the deserts know.

But England has her winters  
Of sun-forsaken days,  
Of pelting rains and freezing cold,  
And water-sodden ways ;  
Of drear east winds across the moors  
And in the gloomy street,  
Of mire and mud and misery,  
Where many people meet ;  
And long before the dark is done  
We all are sighing for the sun.

Yet England is a garden—  
How fair our meadows are !  
How clear, on frosty nights, shines forth  
The moon or evening star !  
What wealth have we of golden corn,  
Of orchards rich with trees !  
Ah ! no perpetual sunshine  
Could give us joys like these.  
Our sun and shade, our storms and calms,  
Waken our hearts to grateful psalms.

*"All sunshine makes a desert."*

Oh, take the truth to heart !  
Pray not for pleasure's sweetness,  
But choose the nobler part.

The clouds, the gloom, the winter,  
 And all life's heavy rains,  
 With the blessings of our troubles  
 May prove our highest gains.  
 The darkest days may serve us best  
 For strength and discipline and rest.

## OUT OF DOORS IN THE WINTER

THE wind is in kindly mood to day,  
 It has something soft and gentle to say,  
 Although we are yet in mid-winter ;  
 Frost paved are the roads, and the pavings last,  
 But the wind is a zephyr, and not a blast ;  
 Come out, come out, for it will not last,  
 And the world is bracing, the world is vast,  
 Out of doors in the winter.

What sights we can see as we drive away  
 Through the country lanes on a wintry day !

The gracious rains have filled the rivers,  
 Some song is sung by the grateful brooks,  
 The meadows spread out like open books,  
 Some hardy flowers are in sheltered nooks,  
 Every tree like a picture looks,  
 For trees are grand in winter.

And now and then is a frost-gemmed world,  
 When every bush is in beauty curled,

In the dazzling brightness of winter.  
 Sometimes on the banks are the hues of the rose,  
 When day becomes dim, and the sunset glows,  
 And each brown bud on the fir-tree shows  
 How the baby-bud on the glad tree grows  
 Ready for spring in winter.

Ah, happy are all who can walk or drive,  
 Strong and joyous, alert and alive,  
 Out of doors in the winter.

Happy, if but for a day or two  
They may see and hear what the world can do,  
And notice the first corn pushing through,  
And watch the skies in their beautiful blue,

Out of doors in the winter.

Who could ever lose hope or heart,

Who could ever do ill his part,

Out of doors in the winter ?



## LIFE AND DUTY



# Life and Duty

## PATIENCE

LORD, give this grace of Thine to me  
That I may live aright,  
However dark the path may be  
Let Patience bring me light.

When my heart fails me in the storm,  
And there is none to save,  
Let this friend put her hand in mine,  
And Patience make me brave.

When strife and turmoil are around,  
And weak has grown my will,  
Let Patience like an angel come  
And teach me to be still.

Let quiet Patience help my soul,  
Beneath the scourge of wrong,  
And check my angry words of wrath,  
And turn them into song.

Lord, I am very weak and frail,  
And am not good or great,  
Yet I shall worthier be if Thou  
Wilt give me grace to wait.

And so I pray whatever comes,  
Of trouble, pain, or care,  
Bid Patience my companion be  
Beside me everywhere.

## HOW TO RECEIVE

"Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein."—JESUS.

Who knows how to take a gift ?

Any little child.

Ready to receive he stands,  
Shining eyes and open hands,  
Heart and action mild.

Not a doubt has he of love,  
Full of faith and trust,  
It is easy to receive,  
It is gladness to believe,  
Love gives as it must.

He will take it happily,  
As he knows it meant,  
If the gift be small or great,  
Toy, or coin, or half a state,  
He is well content.

He returns the giver thanks,  
Then he uses it,  
Does not question for a day,  
Takes the joy it brings straightway,  
For his service fit.

Who knows how to take a gift ?

Hard, world-weary men ?

Lord, who bearest all my sin,  
Teach my slow heart to begin  
As a child again.

When Thy kingdom is Thy gift,  
Given for love's sake,  
Help me, in humility,  
All the grace it means to see,  
And, as children, take.

Lord, thou givest royally  
 What I could not win,  
 Help me, since I ever pray  
 For Thy kingdom day by day,  
 Straight to enter in.

### THE TRANSFORMER

Love is the Lord's good angel;  
 Love came in at a door,  
 And touched a woman who wept for woe,  
 And soon she was sad no more.  
 "I thought it was Joy I wanted"  
 (Love's laugh was merry to hear);  
 "Take *me*, and be glad for ever,  
 It was Love you wanted, dear."

Love went into an office,  
 And a banker's book was there,  
 But the man saw, under the figures,  
 The glint of a woman's hair:  
 "I thought it was wealth I wanted,  
 But I never was rich before:"  
 Love whispered, "*She* waits your coming,  
 Close the book, and open the door."

Love came into a mean street,  
 And lingered here and there;  
 The homes she touched were transfigured,  
 Rooms were no longer bare;  
 The women sang as they did their work,  
 And the men laughed out for glee;  
 "Let me abide for ever," said Love,  
 "For the poor folk most need me."

Love works miracles every day,  
A sunshine maker he :  
Pleasure and riches are his to give,  
Whoever the people be.  
Men and women ! Be worthy of Love,  
And let the small things go :  
It is only the loved and the loving  
Who life at its best may know.

## FEAR NOT

*" Stranger, who came to me in the night,  
Are you my foe, are you my friend ? "*

*" I take you with me into the light,  
A blessing for you until the end."*

*" Stranger, why have you come to me  
After so many other years ? "*

*" I come from God who makes you see,  
How vain and faithless are all your fears."*

*" Stranger, what have you brought to-day ?  
It is winter-time, and my heart is sad."*

*" Be not afraid, but trust and pray,  
I have blessings to make you glad."*

*" Stranger, will you, perhaps, in love,  
Take me away to the land of rest ? "*

*" That secret is kept by your Lord above,  
And He will lead you as He sees best."*

## OPPORTUNITY

HE came and waited like a king,  
His gift held forth ;  
The people hastened, meeting him,  
From south to north ;  
He stretched his hand for all to take  
As they all could,  
And a great light began to break  
For those who would.

A glad shout rose from joyful hearts,  
For they have won ;  
Good Opportunity smiles back  
On wonders done :  
And he will stay to light and lead  
Through many days—  
God sent him here to meet our need,  
Give Him the praise !

## SEQUENCES

I came, a stranger, to a home ;  
They took me in ;  
I was a helpless little babe,  
And knew no kin.  
They owned and claimed me from the first,  
And cherished me.  
I looked upon a world of love  
When I could see ;  
They gave me all the good they had,  
And their own name,  
Although I knew not anything,  
The day I came.

I go, as helpless as a babe,  
Some home to find ;  
I think I shall be taken in  
Where they are kind.  
God has His angels in all worlds,  
And everywhere  
His little ones are safely housed  
In love and care.  
I shall be always His to keep  
And cherish ; so  
Some One will claim me as His own  
The day I go.



FOR LOVE OF WORK

EVERY morning a good friend waits  
 For the opening wide of the dark sleep-gates.  
 Be the fog in the street, or the golden dawn  
 Flooding with light the respondent lawn,  
 Winter or summer, shine or shade,  
 Our friend will fail not, nor be delayed.  
 We cannot deny him, so let us arise,  
 And greet him as comrade, and look in his eyes,  
 Stay with him all through the livelong day,  
 And try not, and wish not, to send him away ;  
 But further his aims, not for gain or pelf,  
 But for very love of himself.

Work is the name which this true friend bears,  
 Who meets us each morning above the stairs.  
 Your friend and mine, he will bring us through  
 All difficult things that we have to do.  
 You shall see your garden of weeds grow fair,  
 Till with scent and beauty it fill the air ;  
 A brush and canvas shall bring to sight  
 A glowing picture of love and light ;  
 Some axe-felled trees and a heap of stone,  
 Shall become a mansion a king might own ;  
 So the hardest labour we do not shirk,  
 For the very love of our work.

Not too long is the longest day,  
 When the work we love is our guide and stay ;  
 That friend will accompany us everywhere—  
 A help in sorrow, a cure for care.  
 Are others unkind to us, hard and cold ?  
 We forget them all when our work we hold,  
 And though he is often severe of mien,  
 He brings us into a pleasant scene.

But our friend is only serene and bland  
 To the loving heart and the willing hand,  
 For anger and hatred in toil may lurk  
 Unless there be love of our work.

Work is a tiring friend to know  
 And abide by our side wherever we go,  
 To claim our service and all our power,  
 And summon us always from hour to hour ;  
 But when we bid him, at last, good-night,  
 And cease from doing, and end the fight,  
 When desire is stilled and we find our guest,  
 He will give for our guerdon the sweetest rest  
 And then we shall enter—our work and we—  
 The Home of the Blessed, beyond the sea.  
 And happy are we, when the rest is won,  
 If the Master shall say, Well done.

### TENDANCE

A TINY plant,  
     Little more than a seed,  
 And only known  
     By the wise from a weed ;  
 But the gardener sees  
     Into what it may grow,  
 A bloom like the skies,  
     Or the Alpine snow ;  
 He tends it awhile  
     In sun, air and rain,  
 And he has content,  
     And the great world has gain.

A little thought,  
     A flash like a dream,  
 A slight " Perhaps ! "  
     A fugitive gleam ;

But the brain of a man,  
 With the scientist's will  
 Compelling the thought  
 Its end to fulfil,  
 Has a purpose achieved,  
 A work and a plan,  
 Which to life's latest hours  
 Shall benefit man.

So great things had passed,  
 Like a puff of air,  
 Had no one nurtured  
 The germ with care!  
 Oh! dreamer, act,  
 Oh! man with thought  
 Be thine inspiration  
 To being wrought;  
 Take pains, be true,  
 Lose good things never,  
 Fulfil the impulse  
 By brave endeavour.

### AT A GRAVESIDE

THERE lay on a new-made grave  
 A harp with a broken string;  
 A tender emblem of love and grief,  
 Woven with flowers of spring.  
 And it told a story of life withdrawn,  
 Of sudden midnight on manhood's dawn.

There came to the broken harp  
 The sun and the loving rain;  
 The bees found honey among its flowers,  
 Birds sang a sweet refrain.  
 And glad Spring whispered, "Love can save,  
 Even though earth has a new-made grave."

And the mourner standing there  
Took to his aching heart  
The heavenly message sent to him  
Of the dear ones who depart ;  
And, "not all bitterness, not all death,"  
Said the man of faith through sobbing breath.

Nay, nay, for in Christ is hope,  
The undying things remain ;  
Swift death may a sudden glory bring,  
And the loving shall meet again.  
Spring flowers and bees and sun and skies  
Bring the God-sent word that the dead shall rise.

### THE UNREACHED GOALS

A LITTLE time for rest  
And then—away !  
There is a race to run  
Ere close of day,  
A battle to be fought,  
Conquer who may.

High up among the hills  
The best things wait ;  
Climb on, and do not tire,  
The hour is late ;  
The victor shall be crowned  
At Heaven's gate.

Yield not to sloth ; be strong,  
Alert, alive ;  
From effort, courage, toil,  
New strength derive,  
There is no prize for those  
Who will not strive.

Take heart, keep hope, go forth  
 On some good quest ;  
 Be satisfied with nought  
 Less than the best ;  
 Those who the heights have reached  
 Have leave to rest.

Be not thou beaten back ;  
 Persist, contend ;  
 Aim at the highest place,  
 The noblest end ;  
 God's grandest prize awaits  
 Those who ascend.

### IS IT LIGHT ?

Is it day-break yet ?  
 Nay, the waning moon  
 Hangs still in the skies :  
 'Twill be darker soon.

The stars have faded,  
 The cold wind sighs,  
 Thick grows the gloom  
 Ere the sun arise.

Is it daybreak yet ?  
 In the eastern sky  
 Is a streak of grey  
 So the morn is nigh.

On the distant mountains  
 Are trembling lights ;  
 It is night in the valley,  
 But day on the heights.

Gold and silver  
 The peaks adorn,  
 And the world wakens  
 To greet the morn.

The swift glad sunrise  
 Blesses the earth,  
 And all things living  
 Share in the mirth.

This is God's token :  
 Day comes at last  
 To the hearts that wait  
 Till the night is past.

We shall stand ere long  
 In the glorious lights :  
 Let us take courage  
 And watch the heights.

### A CHALLENGE

Ezek. xxxii. 14.

It is in the summer  
 The thunderstorms break ;  
 Oft in the glad times  
 Troubles awake.  
 God calls His prophets  
 To work that is grave  
 When the sunshine is dancing  
 On unruffled wave ;  
 And now there are cryings  
 From worlds full of wrong,  
*Can thy heart endure ?*  
*Can thy hands be strong ?*

Ah, the songs thou art singing,  
 How pleasant are they !  
 There is joy in thy spirit  
 And light on thy way,  
 All life has new meanings,  
 New flowers deck the sod,  
 And thy summer communings  
 Are sweet with thy God.  
 But the new life is more  
 Than a musical song :  
*Can thy heart endure ?*  
*Can thy hands be strong ?*

The battle is fierce  
 That has to be fought ;  
 Great duties draw near,  
 And what is thy thought ?  
 The strength of endeavour  
 Meets the strenuous task,  
 And the spirit converted  
 Has great things to ask  
 Oh, man, be thou faithful  
 To overcome wrong ;  
*Can thy heart endure ?*  
*Can thy hands be strong ?*

## GIFTS AND BURDENS

Psalm lv. 22 (marg.).

'Tis the gift that makes the burden !  
Gifts God has given,  
Life and love, and power for service  
These make Earth's Heaven :  
Yet they do by very gladness  
Weary thy strength,  
Leave thee poor through all thy riches,  
Worn out at length.  
Ah ! dear heart, do not thou keep them,  
Cast at His feet  
All thy best, that He may make it  
Light, pure and sweet.

And the Lord He will sustain thee—  
Both gifts and thee—  
Dearest ones of all thy household  
Fairest to see :  
Joy of song, and wealth of colour,  
Deft hand, clear brain,  
Are they thine ? Yet do not keep them.  
Give back again ;  
So no gift can be a burden,  
Pain to impart,  
Every gift will be a blessing,  
Borne on His heart.



## ARE NOT YOU ?

I AM glad to be alive,  
Are not you ?  
For the brilliant flowers that thrive  
In every hue,  
For the orchards rich with fruits,  
And the rains about their roots,  
For the harvests gathered in,  
And the harvests yet to win,  
For the skies that are so fair,  
And the fresh, life-giving air,  
For the summer that delays,  
And her exquisite sweet ways—  
I am glad to be alive,  
Are not you ?

Oh ! the wonders of the earth,  
In these times,  
And the heights which in grave mirth  
Science climbs.  
Ah ! the passion that is strong  
To banish hate and right the wrong.  
Ah ! the men of lifted eyes,  
Bright with holy enterprise,  
Who resolve and nobly dare  
To banish crime and lighten care ;  
Yes, a fairer morn is near  
To love's vision, sweet and clear—  
I am glad to be alive,  
Are not you ?

Yea, because the living see  
Glorious things,  
And for better yet to be  
Hope has wings ;

And because brave deeds endure,  
And because God's love is sure,  
And because our Saviour lives,  
And life yet more abundant gives,  
And this life, which ends its strife,  
Passes into endless life—  
I am glad to be alive,  
Are not you ?

### BEGIN AGAIN

THINGS that are worth the winning  
Must ever at cost be won,  
A feeble wish can accomplish naught,  
And see no great thing done ;  
They that are wise press onward,  
They who are strong ascend :  
So be not stilled by a great defeat,  
But begin again, my friend.

What is a fall or a failure,  
But a call to try again ?  
Have some short roads to success been closed ?  
There are others that still remain ;  
Therefore be yet brave-hearted,  
And faithful to reach the end,  
And the crown is best that was hard to win ;  
So begin again, my friend.

## THE DARK

BE not afraid of the dark !  
Good is the night ;  
The beautiful shade is as safe  
As the radiant light.  
God sends up His glooms from the West,  
And calls us to lie on the breast  
Of the dark, that so we may rest.

He shuts things away from our sight,  
And closes tired eyes ;  
He puts out the lights, leaving none  
But stars in the skies.  
He sees us ; how weary we feel,  
He has comfort and peace to reveal ;  
He knows how the darkness can heal.

Be not afraid of the dark—  
Yet fair is daybreak ;  
The rested workers are glad  
When the world is awake :  
The light has its beautiful way,  
And all hearts rejoice in its sway  
When the world sings aloud " It is day ! "

## THE COMFORT OF WORK

CHRIST'S servants mourned their Master dead ;  
" I go a fishing," Simon said ;  
And heavy feet marched to the shore,  
And sad eyes gazed the waters o'er,  
While grave men sought the little boat,  
And sails were set, and nets afloat.

Better that night of effort vain  
Than slothful sorrow's brooding pain ;  
The breeze was like a healing balm,  
The quiet stars brought peace and calm,  
And the familiar work at length  
A harvest gave of hope and strength.

Nothing they caught the whole long night,  
But joy came with the dawning light,  
For Christ, as soon as morning broke,  
Waited for them beside the lake ;  
And guided them to where success  
Brought them new wealth of blessedness.

O sad ones, yielding to despair,  
Go forth and breath the fresher air ;  
Find some good work for hand or brain,  
Look for the joys that yet remain ;  
For toil is better far than tears,  
And skill can chase the darkening fears.

Be sure also that Christ will wait  
With comfort ere the hour be late ;  
And hearing His kind, cheery word,  
Your heart will cry, " It is the Lord."  
Oh, trust, and try : for grief will cease  
When the dear Master whispers " Peace."

# LOVING AND GIVING

BECAUSE He loved He gave  
 Himself for love of us !  
 Who would another save  
 Must give his heart's love thus ;  
 The worthiest gifts must always wait  
 Till Love unlock the golden gate.

Some gifts are only alms,  
 That have no love behind ;  
 In them there are no balms  
 To heal the troubled mind ;  
 Who gives them has nor joy nor pain,  
 Who takes them has but little gain.

But he gives more than gold,  
 Who gives, because he must,  
 Riches of worth untold,  
 Treasures of love and trust :  
 Giving himself he cannot live,  
 Unless his heart and hands may give.

So learn thou to bestow  
 From the great giver, Christ ;  
 Love's gifts will freely flow  
 When the heart keeps its tryst ;  
 And no one stoops to count the cost  
 Whose whole glad life in love is lost.

## CROSS-ROADS

WHEN cross-roads meet  
We need to know the way ;  
Uncertain feet  
May carry us astray ;  
Shall we then take the north  
Into the cold ?  
Or shall we find the south  
A path of gold ?

It well may be  
The smooth is not the best,  
Often the roughest road  
Leads to our rest ;  
Over each different track  
Some feet have trod,  
And every path may lead  
To home and God.

Yet, lest we make mistakes  
And be at fault,  
When cross-roads meet  
It may be well to halt,  
To look until we find  
A finger-post,  
So that when darkness falls  
We be not lost.

Then let us wait awhile  
At the road-side,  
Until we hear the steps  
Of our sure Guide :  
No stranger will He prove,  
But tried and dear,  
And we may follow Him  
Without a tear.

## SAFETY

BE not afraid,  
All will be well,  
Those whom God keeps  
In safety dwell.  
Fear no to-morrow,  
Time ends all sorrow,  
Do well thy part,  
Lift up thy heart.

Take the next step,  
Light is the way—  
Moonlit at night,  
Sunlit by day;  
Forward be pressing,  
God give thee blessing,  
Where He shall lead  
Fear not to tread,  
Jesus is near,  
Be of good cheer.

## BEZALEEL

Exodus xxxi. 1-5.

THOU hast been called, O Bezaleel,  
Endowed, commissioned, sent to serve,  
God will each day thy tasks reveal,  
And pay the wage thou shalt deserve ;  
High work He gives thee for thine own,  
In brass or silver, wood or stone.

All manner of good workmanship,  
To weave, embroider, or engrave,  
Is thine, and God will thee equip,  
But be thou diligent and brave :  
The Lord thy God hath made thee strong ;  
Attune thy work to joyful song.

O Bezaleel, be not content  
To spoil thy work through lack of faith,  
And, meaner than thy Maker meant,  
To make of life a thing of death ;  
Let conscience, thy director, stand  
To train thine eyes and guide thy hand.

Do the day's tasks as if for Heaven,  
Thy God entrusts them unto thee.  
Thank Him who has such honour given,  
Labour in love, and faithful be.  
No work God sets is mean and low,  
Thyself alone canst make it so.

Therefore, toil on, O Bezaleel,  
And be not weary, vexed or sad ;  
Let thy brain think, let thy heart feel,  
And every working day be glad :  
God means—though all men can be blest—  
The workers to be happiest.



## DISCIPLINE

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth."—Job v. 17.

"He chastens whom He loves." Even in childhood  
We pondered o'er the words with pensive thought;  
In the green meadows and the flower-filled wild wood  
This lesson grave was into being wrought;  
But 'twas a mystery for later years  
To know that Love itself could cause our tears.

Yet is it so; and often as we ponder  
Over the love of God made manifest,  
Thinking of troubles He has blessed, we wonder,  
Yet know that these have brought us of life's best;  
Sorrow and pain have kept us at His side,  
Else had we fallen low and wandered wide.

We have not walked alone. Ever the Father  
Has given His Son to love and comfort us:  
Not all in vain our sorrow, but the rather  
We thank Him that He has corrected thus  
Those who had sinned, and burnt away with fire  
Unworthy things, and cleansed the heart's desire.

Therefore be brave again, O sister, brother,  
Accept the touch, the hurts, the hand that stays,  
For God corrects in love, because no other  
Could so uplift us into higher ways;  
To give us wealth of soul, to conquer sin,  
God keeps His children under discipline.

The after fruits of sorrow are our gain,  
The lessons of our youth enrich our age,  
Gladness and peace come to us after pain,  
And God's corrections are our heritage;  
Be not afraid to walk with God in light,  
For sometimes sweetest songs are sung at night.

## THE ANGEL OF THE COMMONPLACE

LIGHTEN the morning, fill the day,  
With visions from the Infinite ;  
Throw hope across the sodden way,  
Change the soiled robes for garments white,  
And let us see through winsome grace  
An angel in the common-place.

And bid her touch, O Lord of life,  
The gloomy corners where we work,  
Calling us forth into glad strife,  
To places where no shadows lurk,  
And bid us love our every day,  
And see it in the shining ray.

Let us exalt all common things  
To high endeavour and great aims,  
And see the glint of angel wings  
Shining across familiar names,  
And understand that it is given  
To earth to be the door of Heaven.

Oh, homely faces of dear friends,  
And household pictures in the fires,  
And humble duties with wise ends,  
And faithful loves and pure desires ;  
Could we not better lose than these  
All unfamiliar joys that please ?

So greet the angel who reveals  
The beauty of the homely task,  
Who hallows every heart that feels  
Content and glad ; nor great things ask ;  
God give us eyes to see the grace  
Of angels in the common-place.

IN THE GARDEN

TAKE the dead leaves away,  
 Let the plants have full play,  
 And the flowers come in turn  
 At the call of the day ;  
 Let them lift up their faces,  
 Revealing their graces,  
 And filling with perfume  
 The sweet morning air,  
 For the birds sing their songs,  
 And the earth is at prayer.  
 And beauty is rife—  
 For this is the garden of life.

Ah, soft is moonlight  
 In the silence of night!  
 How still is the world—  
 Is it tired of delight ?  
 Even the vespers  
 Are chanted in whispers,  
 And the stars smile serenely  
 As the blessing of God,  
 Which dew-like descends  
 On the street or the sod ;  
 And let no one weep,  
 For this is the garden of sleep.

Ring out a sweet song,  
 The fair day will be long,  
 And the sun, with its loving,  
 Will make the world strong.  
 Life is radiant with duty  
 And rich with new beauty,  
 And Heaven comes down  
 With its soft touch of peace  
 The dear earth to crown,  
 And to bring souls release ;  
 O men, be as glad as the days,  
 For life is a garden of praise.

## REST

"ARISE ye, and depart,  
For this is not your rest."  
The spirit starts awake  
At the sound of that behest.  
Yet this rest is very sweet  
When the heart has its desires,  
And the vision is illumined  
By the light of household fires ;  
When the noises of the world  
Change to music in the home,  
And the tired feet are not bidden  
Far to roam.  
Yet the voice within the heart  
Speaks the message that is best,  
*Arise ye, and depart,*  
*For this is not your rest.*

But "we who have believed  
Do enter into rest."  
In the presence of their Lord  
Weary souls may end their quest.  
Though the mountain must be climbed,  
Though the battle must be fought,  
In serenity and rest  
Can the greatest things be wrought.  
Christ can keep His own in peace,  
In the midst of stormy seas :  
Those who take His yoke upon them  
Are at ease.  
The power of God in Christ  
Is sublimely manifest,  
And *we who have believed*  
*Do enter into rest.*

Yet, to people of our God,  
"There remains therefore a rest,"  
Where the victors may sit down  
With the hosts of all the blest,

Ah! the sunny hills of love,  
 And the Elims of repose,  
 They shall see whose rested eyes  
 On that Sabbath shall unclose!  
 All the labours are forgotten,  
 All the tears are wiped away,  
 Ah! the summer wealth of glory  
 In that day.  
 O Lord, our hearts are turned  
 To Thy sunsets in the west,  
 So, grant us now, and ever,  
 The blessing of Thy rest.



## TIMES AND SEASONS





## Times and Seasons

### THE YEARS

THE years that climb uphill  
Are very slow,  
And yet they are young years  
That linger so :  
The years that race downhill  
Are short of breath,  
And cannot stop themselves  
Till stopped by death.

Each young year gaily bears  
A sun-kissed face,  
A lifted brow to meet  
A world of grace,  
A heart by hope kept brave,  
Feet swift and strong,  
A voice that sings to Heaven  
Faith's gladsome song.

The old years are serene  
With quiet rest,  
Not theirs to spend themselves  
In eager quest,  
And yet their faces turn  
Towards the heights,  
Where golden colours glow  
In evening lights.

## LYRICS OF THE SOUL

Some years are never old,  
They always climb,  
From youth to age they rise  
To things sublime ;  
Their path is toward the stars,  
Their steps are stairs,  
And presently they gain  
Heaven unawares.

Go thou with years that climb,  
Whate'er thine age,  
The lifted eyes can see  
Fair heritage,  
Go with them nearer God,  
From doubts and fears,  
And may He make thee rich  
With wealth of years.

## OLD AND NEW

It was a pleasant story,  
The story of the year.  
God gave it us in numbers  
To make its meaning clear ;  
And every page was lit by love,  
And aye the lines between  
Held for us some sweet secret  
By other eyes unseen.

It was a tale of mystery,  
Unfolded day by day ;  
It led us through dark scenes of doubt  
And by a sunny way.  
It never failed in interest,  
For it was yours and mine,  
And grave or gay we read it all,  
Nor cared to miss a line.

It brought the scent of violets,  
This story of the year ;  
It took us through the harvest-time  
Till leaves were brown and sere,  
And days were sad and days were glad,  
And still we read the page,  
Till now we turn the last, last leaf,  
For youth is lost in age.

So lay aside the story,  
Ended with real regret ;  
Another is beginning,  
We have to read it yet.  
The old one told of mercy,  
And love that failed us never.  
Good-bye old year, welcome the new,  
For God's love lasts for ever.

### A GREETING

COME in, New Year, with the stars and the frost ;  
The bygone years were our loved—and lost.  
But no matter how many old years we have known,  
You have a welcome that's all your own :  
Come in and sit by our warm fireside,  
Not as passing guest, but as friend to abide.

Come in, New Year, for your face is fair,  
Whatever secrets are hidden there ;  
We will not guess them, nor wish to know  
What you have for us until you show :  
You will tell us in time, whether early or late,  
And we are not afraid, for we hope and wait.

New Year, be your kindest to those who need,  
The sick and the weary for whom we plead ;

Go to sorrowful homes and to hearts that are sad  
Nor leave them until they are healed and glad,  
Till despair is conquered, and hope is won:  
God has sent you for this ; let His will be done

Come in, New Year, you have much to do,  
And the hopeful world is ready for you ;  
You come to our lives as one who is sent,  
A love-loan from God which His grace has lent.  
We greet you, and love you, glad that you came,  
For blessed is he who comes in His name.

## FEBRUARY

RAIN us down torrents,  
Fling us fresh snow,  
Let the sea thunder  
And hurricanes blow,  
Let the clouds gather,  
And all things be grey,  
Still is the spring-time  
Safe on its way,  
And darkness shall vanish  
And grave yield to gay.

Dangers may threaten,  
Troubles may fall,  
Loss may impoverish,  
Grief may appal ;  
Yet is our springtide  
Already in sight,  
Morning is breaking  
After our night,  
Heaven is our sunshine,  
Christ is our light.

## THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH

BE of good courage. The gentle Spring  
Is here, on her way to you ;  
She pauses awhile in our orange groves,  
Lighting our skies of blue ;  
She has bidden her myriad flowers come forth,  
And the birds of their joy to sing ;  
Soon on bright wings she will come to you,  
For a lady of love is the Spring.

She has made bouquets of the almond trees,  
And blazed the mimosa's gold ;  
She has given the gardens of rich and poor  
A thousand gems to hold.  
She is lavish of good to the lands she loves—  
So haste to prepare her way ;  
You will find her waiting with smile and song  
On some happy and sunny day.

She will touch the boughs of your forest trees,  
And change them to tender green ;  
She will call wind-flowers and primroses  
To the places where death has been.  
She will waken the singers of grove and field,  
And skies and seas will be blue ;  
Dear hearts, take comfort, the merry Spring  
Is now on her way to you.

She is a blessing worth waiting for,  
Be patient a little while ;  
She will bring you hope and the tender joy  
Which come with the Father's smile.  
The longer the Winter the gladder the Spring,  
And the fairer the summer days ;  
God sends His angel on rapid wing,  
Make ready your songs of praise !

## "NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE"

How we have wearied for thee,  
Lady, beloved of all !  
Long time we have mourned thy absence,  
Waiting to hear thy call.  
But thy face is as young as ever,  
Thy beauty and charm as free,  
Take thou our royal welcome,  
Queen whom we longed to see.

Now is the time of laughter,  
Now is the time of song,  
The budding daisies will open,  
Buttercups round thee throng ;  
The hedges will break into leafage,  
The grasses grow higher to wave ;  
Thou art come to the land, to dwell in it,  
And April makes all things brave.

Longer the light stays with us,  
Earlier mornings break.  
Hear how the larks drop music  
Down to the earth for thy sake !  
Hearts grow happy and grateful,  
Life and the world are dear,  
And love and praise are victorious  
Now that April is here.

## BLOSSOM-TIME

Good it is to be young together,  
You, and the world, and the sunny weather,  
Blossom of apple, blossom of pear,  
Blossoms in orchards and everywhere ;  
Flowers in the meadow, flowers in the wood,  
And birds are singing that life is good.

Happy it is to be young together,  
You and the rest in the April weather.

Happy blossoming ! Yet, remember,  
The fruitage time in the late September ;  
Harvest of apple, harvest of pear,  
And songs of the fruitage everywhere.  
Yours be a harvest golden and white,  
Of loving deeds that are true and right,  
Of a life all gracious ! Ah, remember,  
The harvest to reap in the late September.

## GOOD FRIDAY

WHY keep Good Friday mournfully ?  
Is it your love that makes you sad ?  
But all our world with spring is glad,  
And every bird sings joyfully.  
I think no angel weeps to-day  
Because the Lord in death once lay,  
Since everywhere His power has sway.

The Lord is risen. Love should praise  
Not weep to-day ; but sing a hymn  
And look at skies no longer dim,  
And songs of gladdest rapture raise.  
Does Christ keep anniversary ?  
The King of hearts and lives is He,  
And He has gained the victory.

In crowded London and fair Wales  
There are glad women and strong men  
Who sing salvation's songs again  
And Easter keep in towns and dales—  
"Christ is the Saviour, spread His fame,  
He died for sinners, bless His name,  
The sweetness of His love proclaim."

Dear hearts, accept the joy of spring,  
Think of the harvests of the cross,  
Christ's death meant every gain, no loss ;  
For it was Calvary made Him King !  
Mourn for your sins, for them He died,  
Sing, for your Lord, once crucified,  
Seeing His work is satisfied.



## EASTER

GETHSEMANE, and Calvary,  
And then the three days' rest,  
And, ah! that wonderful Third Day,  
On which all worlds were blest!

The angels came to earth again,  
And ever since they stay,  
For still their "Fear not" sounds afresh  
On every Easter Day.

So all the weary hearts have peace,  
And find the rest they need,  
In this clear message from the skies—  
"The Lord is risen indeed."

O Saviour, speak from out our night,  
And set our spirits free,  
The death we dread is overcome,  
And we have life in Thee.

## AN EASTER THOUGHT

" But now is Christ risen from the dead."

IF Jesus were not risen from the dead,  
How dark a place would be death's sleeping bed !  
We were left desolate, alone, forlorn,  
No light to waken us on any morn,  
No power to bear us upward on faith's wing,  
No hope of resurrection, and no spring !

If Jesus had not risen, who could bear  
The reign of gloomy winter, and its care ?  
Who leave his dear ones in the silent sod  
And yet be tranquil, having trust in God ?  
But now a light shines through the darkest hours,  
Now is the grave a garden, full of flowers.

Now that the Lord is risen from the dead,  
The timid hearts of men are comforted,  
Our spirits shall be lighted on their way,  
For He has ushered in unending day ;  
The sunbeams lie across the parting sea,  
And no farewells are spoken hopelessly.

Oh, men and women, be no more afraid :  
One springtime in a garden Christ was laid ;  
But death could never keep Him in its power,  
And He, the living Saviour, every hour  
Is with us, strong in blessing, swift to aid—  
Let not the Lord's beloved be afraid.

Sing out, sweet birds, among the budding trees,  
Laugh in your morning gladness, sunny seas.  
Say to earth's dying people, fair blue skies,  
That as their Lord has risen they shall rise ;  
He died for their salvation, now may they  
Accept with all its meaning Easter Day.

**MAY, BE MERRY!**

MAY, be merry! We are very  
Weary of the frost and cold.  
Give us south winds for the east winds,  
Give us less of grey than gold;  
Chase the shadows, fill our meadows  
With the sunshine on the grass,  
While the buttercups and daisies  
Smile upon us as we pass;  
Bring us showers for the flowers,  
Give us music in the rain.  
May, be merry! We are very  
Glad to see thy face again.

## MAY

LADY of magic and mirth,  
How have we longed for thy face !  
Loving and warm is the earth  
At the touch of thy beauty and grace.  
Hear the world's laughter and song !  
Our singers all greet thee to-day,  
For the loves of all creatures belong  
By right to the May.

Tell us thy wonderful tale  
Of sojourns away in the South ;  
Let the fairies of gladness prevail  
By the smile and the kiss of thy mouth.  
In the light of thine eyes the leaves dance,  
Flowers laugh, and the white waters play,  
The old world grows young in thy glance,  
Dear, beautiful May.

Would that God, who has sent us the Spring,  
Would bless us with May-days of peace ;  
That the hearts of sad peoples might sing,  
And captives gain joyous release ;  
That selfishness, sorrow and wrong,  
Might pass with the winter away ;  
That love might be active and strong,  
And the soul have its May !

# WHITSUNTIDE

"Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."

THIS is the gift-time. Summer skies  
 Bend over our dear world in blessing,  
 And every breeze is love's caressing.  
 Now those whom Jesus has made wise,  
 Remembering how He bids them rise,  
 For God's best gift lift pleading eyes.

O wondrous gift of Pentecost,  
 The gift of the indwelling Spirit,  
 Whose grace the sons of God inherit!  
 Let me not mourn that He is lost,  
 Whom I would keep at any cost,  
 To light my soul when trouble-tost.

But in these lovely hours of May,  
 When all the world is glad with pleasure,  
 May He abide in fuller measure,  
 Shed on my soul diviner ray,  
 Illuminate the heavenward way,  
 And lead me into radiant day.

## WHITSUNTIDE

KNOW they who throng the trains to-day,  
From desk or shop, or loom,  
Then spread themselves about God's world  
Of colour, scent, and bloom,  
The meaning of the festival,  
The mystery of its birth,  
The wonder of its melodies,  
The gladness of the earth ;  
The meadow-gardens thick with flowers,  
The banks and woods and moors,  
The joyousness of the sweet life  
That woos us out of doors ?  
Is it alone a time of fun,  
Wild mirth and gaiety ?  
Is there no whisper in their hearts  
Of what this time can be ?  
I think there is ! They may not know  
Whence comes the better thought ;  
But in them, in the midst of play,  
Some subtle change is wrought ;  
And who can say the Spirit's power  
Is absent from that time,  
And that the holidays of earth  
Have nought of the sublime ?  
Thank God for Whitsuntide, say I,  
And all it means to men ;  
It may be that each passing hour  
Sees the miracle again.  
Let us not think that but a few  
Are moved by its great might :  
The Spirit is a part of God,  
And fills the world with light.

## MIDSUMMER

AH, what a wealthy world it is

At midsummer!

The very skies are dispensing bliss,

The earth is a garden for you, your own,

You may bring your people, or come alone;

There are graceful grasses to kiss your feet,

Roses around you, and woodbine sweet,

And there is not a foot of the generous land

That has not a gift for your heart or hand

At midsummer.

Come away from the world of men

At midsummer,

Hasten back to the land again,

Rest—you can choose from a thousand bowers,

Smell the hay, and gather the flowers,

Sing with the lark, brood with the dove

On light and beauty, on heaven and love,

Live without labour, or strife, or greed,

For there is a life that is life indeed

At midsummer.

Were ever such nights as these you know

At midsummer?

There is no dark, and the sunset's glow

Waits for the silver light of the moon,

And dawn comes after it, swift and soon,

While calmly over the singing sea

Breaks the day of a blessing yet to be,

And the heart is filled with an exquisite love

For the earth below and the heaven above,

At midsummer.

Peace is perfect, for God is near,  
At midsummer,  
All that is lovely becomes more dear,  
For One comes with us the way we take,  
By golden cornfield or laughing lake,  
And we walk with Him, as His friends of yore,  
Over mountain, or moorland, or shining shore,  
And we pray Him to comfort the sick and sad,  
And thank Him for making the world so glad  
At midsummer.

### HARVEST HOME

O FAIR were the merry wheatfields  
With their winsome brown and gold :  
They have lifted up their faces  
For the heavens to behold.  
They have felt the sun's warm kisses,  
They have drunk the plenteous rain,  
They have yielded bounteous harvests  
Of life-sustaining grain ;  
Now the reaping-time is come,  
And we have our Harvest Home.

O rich are the far-off countries  
Where our sons with strangers meet,  
The sons who till for their mother,  
And send us their treasures of wheat ;  
But there are not any corn-fields  
So dear to us as our own,  
Nor a joy like that of reaping  
In the fields that we have sown ;  
And a true reward has come  
With the day of Harvest Home.



Sad fields, left bare and whitened,  
Of their pride and beauty shorn,  
Though they guarded well their treasure,  
In the wealth of golden corn.  
But this is their time of resting,  
And another spring will see  
New smiles, new life in the old fields,  
Whatever the crops may be.  
And the gathering time will come,  
With another Harvest Home.

Ah ! well for the men and women,  
Who have had their harvest too,  
And lay their sheaves at the Master's feet  
When the summer work is through ;  
They may rest as the days grow shorter,  
And the sunset lights are dim,  
And praise the Lord of the harvest  
In the strains of an evening hymn :  
For the gladdest time is come,  
When the heart sings Harvest Home.

### AFTER HARVEST

WHEN all the corn is harvested  
For people's need of daily bread,  
The year has lost its glad delights  
Of brilliant days and lighted nights,  
What will there be  
For you and me ?

Shall we not miss at early morn  
The merry song amid the corn,  
The " Traveller's Joy " upon the hedges,  
The gay, tall flowers among the sedges ?  
What will there be  
For you and me ?

There will be days of sunshine still  
On silvered wave and gorse-crowned hill.  
The summer lingers, you remember,  
Through sweetest days of fair September :  
And this will be  
For you and me.

No months are ever wholly dark,  
The mind has still its rainbow arc,  
Love will its winsome ways pursue,  
And some birds sing, some skies be blue,  
And these will be  
For you and me.

The gladdest time is when each field  
Will faithfully its treasures yield,  
And thankful hearts and voices come  
To sing the song of Harvest Home ;  
And this shall be  
For you and me.

The summer is not past to-day,  
Though the last sheaf be borne away,  
Green paths of rest our feet shall tread  
When all the corn is harvested.  
And God will be  
For you and me.

# OCTOBER SUNSHINE

How does the summer leave us ?  
 Sorry to bereave us,  
     It hides a little while,  
     Comes back then with a smile,  
 And hesitates to grieve us.

Sunshine in October,  
 A little pale and sober,  
     Sometimes laughs for glee  
     On fading flower and tree,  
 So blessing you and me.

It brings us gifts of gladness,  
 Delaying days of sadness,  
     And floods us with its cheer.  
     The winter is not near  
 When such fair skies appear.

Welcome the sun's caresses,  
 Whatever else distresses ;  
     Thank God for His good gift,  
     And heart of trust uplift,  
 Child, whom the Father blesses.

## NOVEMBER

WELCOME old November !

Meet him with a smiling face,  
He may bring through mists and darkness  
Pleasant gifts of love and grace.

Do not fear November !

True his heart, though rough his voice,  
He will take you to the fire-shine,  
He will teach you to rejoice.

Kind is old November !

Not a hard taskmaster he ;  
Through his pleading rest is granted,  
Some hard work excused may be.

Trust good old November !

Always hope the best of him,  
He may brighten with much blessing  
Days that your forecast may dim.

# NOVEMBER SUNSHINE

WHAT is as rare as a day in November

When the sun shines ?

It is a gift to love and remember

Away in the pines,

Away where the hedges are scarlet with berries,

Where the hips and the haws are as ruddy as cherries,

And the leaves are like pictures of warmth or of beauty

On blackberry vines.

Come away to ploughed fields, and to broad open spaces

Beneath the blue sky,

Where the birches and beeches their exquisite graces

Are lifting on high ;

Where the blackbirds begin and the robins are singing,

While the merry tall trees showers of colour are flinging,

And it seems as if summer had come back to whisper

A gentle good-bye.

Come away to the woods, come away in self-pity

And laugh in the sun ;

Forget for an hour the black fogs of the city ;

See what may be won

Where the squirrels are busy, and pheasants are hiding,

And the beechnuts and chestnuts are thick in the riding ;

And the sun lights the acres of fern and brown bracken,

Ere frosts have begun.

The sun of November, when autumn is ending,

Brings a message of cheer ;

The God of our love with His sun is befriending

Our life as the year.

The hand, which our griefs and our pleasures has holden,

Can give us a fading time fruitful and golden ;

Though seasons may change, all is well with His children,

Then let us not fear.

## DECEMBER

WHAT shall we do  
In the short, dark days,  
And the difficult ways  
We must struggle through?  
We must keep brave hearts  
As the light departs,  
And brace ourselves anew.

How shall we bear  
The gloom and the dark,  
No sound of the lark,  
No joy in the air?  
We must sing sometimes  
With the Christmas chimes,  
And console ourselves with prayer.

Who can be gay  
With the fields fog-clad,  
And the people sad  
Through the dreary day?  
Oh, God's child dear,  
*You* must bring good cheer  
And light for the darkened way.

How shall we bring  
Through the fog and cold  
Any gift of gold  
When the angels sing?  
We must learn Faith's hymn  
When the days are dim,  
And offer our joy to the King.

## THE HEAVENLY "WAITS"

Listen !

THE angels are singing a carol,  
Far away from the earth ;  
Sweetly the music is telling  
The tale of the Saviour's birth.  
Down to our world it floats faintly  
Borne by the breezes along,  
Over the waves of the ocean,  
Keeping time with the song.  
Can you hear it away in the distance,  
Coming o'er sea and hill ?—  
*Glory to God in the highest,*  
*Peace to the men of good-will.*

Listen !

Out from the infinite glory,  
It steals to the world of men,  
Threading its way through the starlands,  
Till it touches the earth again.  
Softly, and yet triumphant,  
With the sweetness of far-off bells,  
The beautiful music of heaven  
Floats down to our hills and dells ;  
It reaches the hearts of our cities,  
And the people's joys increase—  
*Glory to God in the highest,*  
*And on earth good-will and peace.*

Listen !

You can lose the angelic carol,  
Oh ! noisy and fevered crowd,  
In the shouts of your angry voices,  
And the noise of your battles loud ;  
Oh ! hush for awhile the tumult,  
And let your hearts awake  
To the joy of the music's meaning,  
Coming for love's dear sake ;

The night is enough for sorrow,  
But Christmas morn is for mirth—  
*Glory to God in the highest,*  
*Peace and good-will upon earth.*

### THE OLD YEAR

ARE you dying, old year ?  
But your life has been long,  
And you filled it with song  
When the skies were blue-clear,  
And the primroses covered the banks,  
While all the land gave you thanks.

Are you dying at last ?  
But the good you have done,  
And the victories won,  
Are the joy of your past,  
And you leave a good story well told,  
Whose fame shall be written in gold.

Are you dying, old friend ?  
You have known happy days,  
And have given God praise,  
And are calm at the end.  
Your duty is done, so be glad ;  
It is only we who are sad.

We love you, old year,  
You have wrought us such good,  
Have great evils withstood,  
And given us cheer ;  
And we fain would your going delay,  
But God gave you, He calls ; do not stay.



You are dying, old year ;  
 So good-bye to a friend,  
 And bright be your end :  
 Be the new year as dear ;  
 For God's love with years does not cease,  
 And years come and pass with His peace.

### OUR YEARS

" We spend our years  
 As a tale that is told,"  
 Spend them in days  
 As silver and gold ;  
 Spend them in fighting,  
 Spend them in peace,  
 As if the procession  
 Never would cease ;  
 But the years rush on  
 And bear us away,  
 Till the last of our years  
 Brings our New Year's Day.

" We spend our years  
 As a tale that is told,"  
 Of summers and winters,  
 Of heat and cold,  
 A sweet love-story,  
 Some pages of pain,  
 And some we would gladly  
 Live over again.  
 Ah ! years, old years,  
 That swiftly have fled,  
 You are vivid and living,  
 Gone, but not dead.

“ We spend our years  
    As a tale that is told,”  
And recite the last chapters  
    When we are old.  
The interest deepens  
    Toward the end,  
And all is well  
    ’Twixt Lover and Friend ;  
For the love of God  
    Is the theme all along,  
And the story concludes  
    With praise and a song.

## GAINS OF EXPERIENCE



## Gains of Experience

### WERE THEY MISTAKES ?

I took a turning wrong  
At the parting of the ways,  
But a lark poured down its song,  
And a thrush sang out its lays ;  
And all the way through meadows sweet  
The flowers and grasses met my feet.

I did not see that chance  
Which might have led to wealth ;  
Love conquered circumstance,  
And a new life sprang to health ;  
But the dear sun kissed me from the sky,  
Although I let that chance go by.

The friends I loved the best  
Were not the famed and great ;  
Would I have found more rest  
In things of high estate ?  
But there are winsome songs of praise  
For loving hearts in lowly ways.

A choice was mine to make—  
God does not force our will ;  
But I think for love's own sake  
That was a good choice still ;  
And I can count, at set of sun,  
For some things lost much treasure won.

Are they mistakes that lead  
Either to left or right ?  
God gives us at our need  
Surely the gleam of light.  
The choice is ours—but He keeps yet  
The ways wherein our feet are set.

Yes, it is now too late  
To climb the heights you show ;  
I am with those who wait  
And watch the evening glow ;  
But God's forgiveness keeps me calm,  
And my heart sings a thankful psalm.

### THE YEARS THAT LIE BEHIND

How full they were of gracious gifts  
Those years of long ago !  
We entered then the untried ways  
Which now so well we know ;  
Would they be many years, or few ?  
Not one of us was told.  
We started off to live our life,  
And seek its hidden gold.

We talk together, you and I,  
And laugh, old friend of mine,  
O'er many curious happenings  
In years of shade and shine ;  
But always end in grateful mood,  
For God was ever kind,  
And we can trace His Providence  
In years that lie behind.

How rich they were in real life,  
Those happy years of yore !  
What work we did, what joys we had,  
Increasing more and more !  
Ah ! it was well to be so young  
And so much gladness find  
In flower-filled field or faithful friend,  
In the years that lie behind.

We made mistakes, and do repent,  
But God was good through all.  
He did not let us lose our way,  
Nor keep our souls in thrall ;  
He opened wide the gates of life,  
And we passed through, to find  
How large a place His good world was  
In the years that lie behind.

And so we thank Him, you and I,  
For all His blessings sent,  
For loss that brought us back to Him,  
For pain in mercy meant,  
For eager hopes and happy dreams,  
And tranquil peace of mind,  
Since everything was touched with love  
In the years that lie behind.

## MY PEN AND I

WE have travelled far together,  
My pen and I ;  
Through every sort of weather  
While years went by ;  
For me my pen remembers  
Laughing Junes and dark Decembers,  
Since I pass into his keeping  
Songs of joy and sobs of weeping,  
New-born springs and winters hoary,  
And the world of men ;  
For I always tell the story  
To my pen.

Comrades we, who fight together,  
My pen and I ;  
But we rest in summer weather  
When Peace is nigh ;  
We are like a sister, brother,  
With no secrets from each other ;  
But he helps me with the telling  
Of the thoughts within me swelling  
When the time comes for expressing  
Speech and thought ;  
And I ask for him a blessing,  
As I ought.

We are ever loyal-hearted,  
My pen and I ;  
It will grieve me to be parted  
When I die.  
But perhaps my faithful lover  
May stay with me and discover  
Some glad sights upon the shore  
Where I pass for evermore :  
Oh, that when the sunset weather  
Fills the sky,  
We may say good-bye together,  
Pen and I !



## I—AND ANOTHER

It was a bright May morning, years ago,  
I thought myself alone in a large wood,  
And I was wondering how I could be good.  
When One came to me whom I did not know,  
And walked beside me, looking in my eyes,  
Though I was but a child, nor good nor wise.

I was afraid of being left alone,  
He spoke a word that calmed my timid fears ;  
He said He would not leave me all the years,  
But care for me, and keep me for His own.  
I scarcely thought it could be true—and yet  
I lived to learn He never would forget.

Ah ! what a long glad day my life has been !  
Because He loved me others loved me too,  
Dear was the work He gave to me to do.  
And I went forth to many a lighted scene ;  
Or if deep sorrows came and loss befell,  
I knew since He was with me all was well.

Men say sometimes we each must die alone,  
I do not think so. When I come to die  
I hope to see Another standing by,  
Whose strong kind face I all my life have known.  
And He will comfort me when night is dim,  
Till day shall break and I again see Him.

## AT THE RAILWAY STATION

A COURTEOUS word, and a smiling face,  
A waving hand, and a moment's grace,  
And away for an hour or a day or two—  
Pleasure, not pain, for me and you.

Two or three from the dear old home  
To say good-bye to those who roam,  
A promise to write, some laughter gay—  
Off for a summer holiday.

A little crowd on the platform stands,  
A little waving forest of hands,  
Hopes and wishes, and secret tears—  
And away, away, for how many years ?

A girl goes forth to an unseen life,  
Lips are silent, for fears are rife,  
Old hearts are aching for loss and love,  
Fathers and mothers seek help above.

A family leaving their native shore  
Where friends will foregather nevermore !  
A welcome waits in the colonies,  
But, oh, for the grey of old England's skies !

God of the travellers, be their God ;  
Make them a home on whatever sod,  
Let them know all that they need shall be given,  
And that roads from everywhere lead to Heaven.

Father, we all are like pilgrims here ;  
Bid us go forward, and have no fear ;  
Guide and stay with us, till, journeys past,  
We are safe in the Father's house at last.

## THEN AND NOW

MANY years ago, how bright sun-risings were !  
Dawning kissed our eyes awake, new life was in the air;  
All the hours of all the days were as comrades in a fight,  
When duties waited smilingly and work was true delight.  
There were playmates in the meadows, and grass was green  
and gay,—

Was it many years ago ? Nay, I think it is to-day.

Many years ago, Faith held us by the hand,  
Step by step we took in trust when we could not understand ;  
Love led through the mazes to the broad, embracing light,  
And the morning glory met us after every starlit night.  
Our Guide was with us always, so we could not lose our  
way,—

Was it many years ago ? It is quite the same to-day.

Many years ago, sometimes we were afraid,  
But the love of God sustained us, and our cares on Him were  
laid ;

When we were at our weakest, we knew that He was strong,  
There was always room for hope, and reason for a song ;  
And the presence of the Comforter was solace in all sorrow,—  
Was it many years ago ? It will be the same to-morrow.

## A BLESSING OF PAUSE

"Therefore will the Lord wait that He may be gracious unto you . . . blessed are all they that wait for Him."

I HAVE no time to wait, I said,  
My life is full of tasks,  
I grudge a moment from my work  
To give the help one asks ;  
My burdened heart and weary brain,  
Have scarcely time for prayer,  
I am a servant all day long  
And wanted everywhere.  
Not half is done I ought to do,  
And the time is very late—  
Lord, give Thy blessing while I work,  
And bid me not to wait.

Through weary days I struggled on,  
But the light was faint for me,  
How could I do the finest work,  
With my eyes too tired to see ?  
I lost my place, mislaid my tools,  
And I lost heart the most :  
Was it worth while to strive, and toil,  
And fail—at such a cost ?  
At last I cast my burdens down —  
Lord, do Thy will, I said—  
Then a great peace came over me  
And I was not afraid.

My Lord had waited patiently,  
Through the long time. And He  
Was kind, and very merciful,  
And gracious unto me :  
I did not even try to work,  
I sought not any quest ;  
He laid His hand on heart and head,  
And I was glad to rest ;

For all the rush and haste were gone,  
And I was stilled at length.  
Then, rising, took my work again,  
And a new gift of strength.

### WHERE THE ROADS BRANCH

WE go together a little way,  
The first few steps through the opening day,  
But when we come where the cross-roads meet,  
Scarcely delaying the eager feet,  
Away to the right and the left we go.  
And the paths of the others we do not know.

At first there is only a space of green,  
Lying serenely the ways between ;  
The same larks sing to us overhead,  
The same broad meadows around us spread,  
And we only after awhile lose heart,  
When we see how far we have gone apart.

When black clouds gather and lightnings flash,  
When storms are on us and thunders crash,  
We call, by the old dear names again,  
Our scattered ones over hill and plain ;  
But they move from us a weary way,  
And we know not whither they go or stay.

But when we walk in the fading light,  
And the roads behind us are dark with night,  
The paths that branched take an inward trend,  
And at last, as we near the journey's end,  
They come together again once more,  
And bring us all to our Father's door.

## GOOD-SPEED !

I WATCH you start : I wave my hand,  
Young traveller in the unknown way.  
Before you stretch wide miles of sand  
Which you will tread ere close of day ;  
Fear not those spaces you must roam,  
I know them—I am nearly home.

The sun may beat upon your head,  
But in the sultry afternoon  
You find green resting-places spread  
Where you may lie, and strengthened soon  
Resume the journey. Pilgrims know  
Delightful rests—I found them so.

There may be stony hills to climb,  
So steep they tax your utmost strength,  
But from the summit scenes sublime  
Reward the brightening eyes at length,  
And, ah ! the colours and the lights  
On mountains ! You will love the heights.

Some gloomy passes in thick shade  
May lie before, and hush your song ;  
Pass on, and do not be afraid,  
If they are dark they are not long ;  
I tell you this your heart to cheer,  
There is not anything to fear.

You do not journey on alone,  
A Friend goes with you all the way,  
A Guide to whom each step is known,  
To whom the light is as the day,  
A Helper able, kind and true—  
I proved Him thus, and so will you.

His patience is most wonderful,  
 You do not always think of Him,  
 But in some new Place Beautiful  
 You lift your eyes with musings dim,  
 And He smiles back to you the same,  
 Love is not swift to chide and blame.

The Shepherd knows where pastures are,  
 And where the cool sweet waters flow,  
 And let the light be sun or star  
 You will be glad to have it so.  
 Dear Pilgrim, He goes on with you,  
 Whom I know well. Adieu ! Adieu !

### HOMeward

THROUGH winters and through summers sweet,  
 By lonely road and crowded street,  
 With never-resting, rapid feet,  
 We travel home.

The hours of every passing day  
 Bring us good distance on the way,  
 No hindrance can the march delay,  
 We travel home.

The path we take is often fair,  
 Love's tender music thrills the air,  
 The smile of God is everywhere,  
 As we go home.

But if some grief our joys enshroud,  
 And if the skies be dark with cloud,  
 And if the storm-voice thunder loud,  
 We travel home.

Some dear companions with us pace  
The onward road, and tender grace  
Lights for us many a loving face,  
As we go home.

Some comrades have good prizes won,  
And some of them we have outrun ;  
But some have seen their journey done,  
And hastened home.

We hear glad voices in the night,  
We follow in the path of light,  
We keep our Father's house in sight,  
And so go home.

The skies are sunny in the West,  
Perhaps these evening lights are best ;  
We are not far from love and rest,  
And Home, sweet Home !

### IN TIME OF STRESS

THE storm is very rough !  
Father, it is a tired heart complains ;  
I have been beaten by so many rains,  
And am not strong enough  
To set my face to meet this fresh, cold blast,  
Nor stand till it is past.

Over this dreary moor  
There is no shelter where I may abide,  
No kindly arms where I and grief may hide,  
No light from open door—  
Yet I believe although I make my moan,  
That I am not alone.



For well I know of One  
Who climbed the mountains seeking for the lost,  
And trod the sea when it was tempest-tost,  
And still forgetteth none ;  
It is the Lord who will discern my plight,  
And find my soul to-night.

So, while I breathless wait,  
I shall hear presently a kind strong voice  
Bidding me not to fear, but to rejoice,  
Although the hour be late ;  
And I shall reach by ways that do not tire  
My haven of desire.

Ah ! warm and lighted home,  
Where shortly I shall find my loved again,  
And shall forget dark moors and blinding rain.  
It is to you I come !  
Dear Lord, who knowest all my weary quest,  
Give to me Thy sweet rest.

### FIFTY YEARS

WHERE are they—those far years, that came  
As if they meant to last for ever,  
When each was welcomed with acclaim,  
And every day with glad endeavour ?  
Alas ! that none had power to hold  
Those years of gold !

They were like April's changeful day,  
They flashed, and darkened, and departed,  
But blessed me ere they passed away,  
And left the worker stronger-hearted.  
They lighted hopes, and banished fears,  
Those fifty years.

I glance behind me, and can see  
How they flowed onward as life's river,  
Their springs and summers came to me  
As love-gifts from an unseen Giver ;  
Nor need I look through mists of tears  
Over those years.

With primrose stars, and violet scent  
They made each spring a little dearer,  
Love brightened every year I spent,  
While home and rest were drawing nearer,  
Yet was my work the gladdest thing  
The years could bring.

What shall I render to my God  
For fifty years of loving-kindness ?  
He chose for me the path I trod  
And He forgave my doubt and blindness ;  
His peace will cheer the coming nights  
With clear soft lights.

I beckon you, the young, the strong,  
'Tis good to hear your cheery laughter ;  
Come onward still, with joy and song,  
Nor dread whate'er shall follow after.  
Face life with trust, and not with fears  
God rules the years.

## MY BOOK OF BOOKS

THE mornings were most fair, and the sweet-scented air  
Of the little village garden blew about my face,  
And dear hands caressed my head in that time of grace,  
When I learned to read the Bible.

The first lessons set—I remember them yet—  
Were “ The Lord is my Shepherd,” and “ His face seek ” ;  
“ My child, give me thy heart,” and “ Blessed are the  
meek,”

And my prize was a Bible.

It was the only rule, in my home and school,  
My library passed down to me by prophet and seer,  
And how could other book be half as dear  
As my first little Bible ?

In all the hopes and fears of my following years  
I read the sacred words till their meanings came.  
And filled my heart with love for the holy Name  
Which I found in my Bible.

It has shared my pilgrimage from youth to age,  
My Preacher and Poet, my Censor and Friend ;  
It came at life's beginning, it will stay till the end,  
My book of books—the Bible.

It has been to me a light for the darkest night,  
A comfort in my sorrow, a lamp for my way ;  
And it never was so dear as it is to-day,  
My old, old Bible.

So I pray you let it be, as it was once to me,  
To the youth of your nation, your gift of love,  
With its lessons for this life, and the life above,  
For it is the children's Bible.

## LOVING-KINDNESS

It is so sweet a name, so grand a thing,  
This love of Thine, my Father ! As I sing  
It is so real, can such comfort bring—  
Thy loving-kindness.

I want to tell all hearts that are afraid  
To face life bravely, not to be dismayed ;  
Because for all Thou hast a shelter made  
In loving-kindness.

I often wonder what friends see in me  
That they should ever love me graciously ;  
It is, I think, because they learn of Thee  
Thy loving-kindness.

But that Thou, Father, who hast known my ways,  
And seen the sins and failures of my days,  
Lovest me yet ! I wonder while I praise  
Thy loving-kindness.

It is so wonderful, this love of Thine !  
It makes life's flowers to grow, its sun to shine,  
And, best and strangest, it is really mine,  
Thy loving-kindness.

Life's evening hour calls back so many things ;  
Joys that I greatly prize develop wings.  
Yet I can let them go, since the night brings  
Thy loving-kindness.

But O my Father, hear my pleading prayer :  
Keep me through life and death within Thy care,  
And let me ever with Thy children share  
Thy loving-kindness.

A SAD TIME?

Is life all sorrow ?  
 Has no to-morrow  
     A promise true ?  
 Is no hope bringing  
 A theme for singing  
     Even to you ?

Is no child laughing ?  
 No neighbour quaffing  
     Some cup of joy ?  
 Is no cloud rifted ?  
 Is no light lifted ?  
     Is all alloy ?

Are no buds growing ?  
 Are no streams flowing  
     To make you glad ?  
 Does no one love you ?  
 Oh ! look above you,  
     And be not sad.

Though night be round you,  
 And griefs surround you,  
     Yet God is near ;  
 When fear appals you,  
 Your Father calls you  
     His child, and dear.

Sad days are ever  
 For brave endeavour,  
     Dear heart, be wise.  
 The sun is stronger,  
 The day is longer,  
     Hope lights the skies.

Why are you dreary ?  
Trust and be cheery ?  
Be not opprest ;  
Sorrow and sadness  
Give place to gladness,  
All's for the best.

### WHEN NOTHING HAPPENS

IN youth one sighs for happenings  
To flash across life's story,  
Some startling change, or swift event,  
Or hint of coming glory.  
I used to long, in those old years,  
To burst some bonds asunder,  
To rush from slow monotony  
Into a world of wonder.  
To find some unexpected guest  
To rouse me from ignoble rest,  
And force me to an arduous quest—  
But now I think I love the best  
Those days when nothing happens.

They mean—no death within my house,  
No fever, pain, or riot,  
No loss to darken all the skies,  
No storm to break life's quiet,  
No sudden sickness for myself,  
Or for my best and dearest,  
No startling news, no battle cries,  
But all good things the nearest,  
And joys that stay with folded wings,  
And love's own gentle comfortings,  
And dear familiar household things,  
These days when nothing happens !

And yet I will not be afraid  
 Of any new to-morrow,  
 For God, who orders all my ways,  
 Chooses my joy or sorrow ;  
 Nothing by chance can come to me,  
 Or find me undefended,  
 My Father's care encircles me,  
 And I am well befriended ;  
 So I will wait and trust His will,  
 His love with peace my heart shall fill ;  
 I know that He is with me still  
 Whatever else may happen.

“A TALE THAT IS TOLD’

“ WE spend our years  
 As a tale that is told ; ”  
 They swiftly pass,  
 And the young are old ;  
 But each life-story  
 In sweet and long,  
 And every chapter  
 Has theme for song.

Gladness and sorrow,  
 Toiling and rest,  
 Languor and failing,  
 Effort and zest,  
 Meetings and partings,  
 Laughter and tears,  
 So we are spending  
 The tale of our years.

But the love of God  
 Is our heritage :  
 Goodness and mercy  
 On every page

Light up the story  
 Of all the past,  
 And the best of our blessing  
 Are those that last.

"To be continued?"  
 Nay, who can tell  
 How long the tale runs?  
 But all is well,  
 For there is a sequel  
 God will unfold—  
 So we spend our years  
 As a tale that is told.

### OLD FRIENDS

Was it many years ago?  
 Surely 'twas but yesterday?  
 Love and trust have bridged the gulf,  
 Let us walk that pleasant way;  
 The same flowers grow on the banks  
 Which we gathered then together,  
 Love that lasts from youth to age  
 Changes not through stress of weather!  
 Therefore, over all the years  
 Let us step across the way,  
 Since the love-joy in our heart  
 Is the same as yesterday.

As we talk, the distance fades,  
 Looking in each other's eyes,  
 We are young in heart again,  
 Scarcely old, or worn, or wise;  
 Only now we are not strong.  
 And we each can tell a story  
 Of the tender love of God,  
 And our Saviour's grace and glory;



All the years of stress and strain  
 Have not wrought in us despair ;  
 Hope is ours, and loving trust,  
 And the joy of answered prayer.

Let it be a prophecy !  
 We shall find, at set of sun,  
 When the curfew bell has rung,  
 And the work has all been done,  
 That the old loves will remain,  
 And we have but lost the sorrow,  
 Youth and joy are ours again  
 With a glad and long to-morrow ;  
 And the best things cannot age,  
 Life and soul are parted never :  
 Some things may grow old and die,  
 God—and Love—will last for ever.



OF FATHERLAND



## Of Fatherland

### GOD'S ISLANDS

OH ! our islands are so sunny in the late days of May.  
They are fairylands of beauty, sweet with song and glad  
    with play ;  
There are matins, there are vespers, in our forest temple-  
    aisles ;  
The leaves clap their hands, and the flowers beam with  
    smiles,  
And there's nothing in the world that is better than our  
    spring—  
    *" He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."*

The people of our islands are the forces of the world ;  
Ah ! the many far-off lands where our flag is unfurled ;  
Our battles end in victories ; our laws are good for men ;  
We were pioneers in righteousness again and again ;  
Statesmen boast of our greatness, and poets proudly  
    sing—  
    *" He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."*

Is it sinister—that warning—that is whispered in the  
    breast ?  
Are there evils that beset us in our " isles of the blest " ?  
Do we hate one another though our lands are so small ?  
Are we selfish, idle, tyrannous, when God and duty call ?  
From our world and its vices do deadly troubles spring ?—  
    *" He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."*

The waters are as blue that give our islands name,  
The fields are green and gold, the hills are aflame,  
And the streets of our cities are crowded every hour  
With women in their beauty and men in their power.  
Are we still the Lord's islands, under His protecting wing,  
*Who taketh up the isles as a very little thing.*

Ah, whither will He take us who have sinned against His  
love ?

Will He let us fall yet lower ? Will He lift us still above ?  
There are some have lost their boasting, there are some sad  
with fear,

Who cry, "God be merciful," and trust the Lord will  
hear ;

And they listen through the clamour to hear the angels  
sing—

*"He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."*

Great Owner of the islands, who settled them on high,  
Above the stormy oceans and beneath the blue sky,  
Uplift Thine island peoples and make them brave and  
strong,—

Too great to love iniquity, too noble to do wrong.

Unto Thee may Thine islands their hearts and treasures  
bring,

*Who taketh up the isles as a very little thing.*

“NATIONAL ASSETS”

Is it true that statesmen acknowledge the worth  
Of each baby child that is born on the earth?  
Will they teach this nation to look for its wealth  
In the care of the poor little children's health?

Is this a dawn that shall wear to noon?  
Will the slum be changed for a garden soon?  
Is it true that “Mother” and “Home” shall be  
Each child's birthright in the land of the free?

Will the happy hosts of our girls and boys  
Share with the poorest their loves and joys?  
Will the rosy face and the blue-grey eyes  
Meet everywhere Love under English skies?

England moves slowly, but moves at last;  
Her poorest children are not outcast,  
For pitiful women and earnest men  
Are longing to bring them their own again.

The day of the children at last is come!  
A little life in a dirty slum  
Is worth preserving—so says the State.  
Thank God if the knowledge be not too late.

The daughters of “England, the great, the good,”  
Re-learning the glory of motherhood,  
May respond to the voice of the Christ, when He  
Says, “Suffer the children to come unto Me.”

And it shall be then that our land and State  
Will be more than ever most truly great;  
When the nation has learned from the Saviour mild  
To cherish the life of the little child.

## OUR KIN ACROSS THE SEA

O LAND, the well-beloved,  
Be good, be great ;  
Nation so blessed of God  
Keep thy high state :  
No mean dark deeds be thine,  
Soil not thy days,  
Be worthy of their love  
Who speak thy praise.  
Thy sons go everywhere,  
Put not to shame  
The loyal hearts and true  
That bear thy name :  
They are so brave for thee,  
So proud, and fond,  
They go to spread thy fame  
Thy seas beyond ;  
For honour, truth and strength  
Thy past has stood—  
O England, for their sake,  
Be great, be good.



## THE BELLS OF THE CHURCHES

For centuries oft they have swung,  
    And rung,  
Over the river, and over the fields ;  
To thousands of lovers of old  
    They told  
The tale that ever love's gladness yields ;  
But these, alas ! are unmusical days,  
And even the sweet church bells lack praise.

Dreadful is night with bad dreams,  
    And screams,  
Made by the engine and motor-car,  
And the sounds are many that speak,  
    And shriek  
Their dismal discords where people are ;  
What is wrong with the English ears,  
So to have changed in these modern years ?

Ah, no ! we all, but a few,  
    Are true  
To the English love of the sweet old bells ;  
We would miss their music each day ;  
    We say,  
We will have them rung in our streets and dells ;  
We long for silence and peace sometimes,  
But not for the hush of our peals and chimes.

You say it is barbarous taste,  
    And waste !  
But we are rich in the sounds that are dear ;  
They waken our Sabbath days  
    To praise,  
And bring us thoughts of our Father near.  
Ring out sweet bells, until all hearts sing,  
In answering anthems to Heaven's great King.



HOME AND THE HUMAN  
BROTHERHOOD



# Home and the Human Brotherhood

## ANGELS OF THE HOME

THREE guests there are who wait about  
The gates of home. Be they kept out  
Lo! there will enter Strife and Doubt.  
But if we gladly let them in  
Some happy song they will begin,  
And then the atmosphere is clear,  
And it is summer all the year.

The first is one we best should know,  
He kindles home-life into glow,  
And makes all tender speech to flow;  
He will not let our hearts be cold,  
The young he quickens, warms the old,  
And models home like heaven above,  
Because he bears the name of *Love*.

Another is a merry one—  
He brings us forth where shines the sun,  
He sees that all good things are done;  
He keeps the dear old faces bright,  
He laughs and sings from morn to night,  
He makes us glad, for he is *Joy*,  
And praises all his years employ.

The third is quiet and serene,  
No shadows on her face are seen,  
She has a graceful form and mien;  
The house grows holy with her psalm,  
She soothes our restless hearts to calm,  
Beneath her touch disorders cease,  
She is the angel of our *Peace*.

These blessed guests will come and stay  
Through longest night and darkest day,  
Unless our sin drive them away.  
It matters not how small the home,  
To cottage and to hall they come,  
Let hearts and homes be opened wide,  
And these good angels aye abide.

### THE WIDER OUTLOOK

BE not too narrow in thy aim,  
A large-spaced world is thine to claim ;  
Believe that greatest things are wrought  
By broadened love and generous thought.

Go not in cynic mood to meet  
Thy brother in the crowded street ;  
Canst thou not hope for all men see ?  
Christ died for them who died for thee.

Keep clear swift eyes to note the good  
That dwells in all the brotherhood,  
Nor judge that they must needs be wrong  
Who cannot sing thy favourite song.

God's love is stronger than we deem,  
His heaven is larger than our dream,  
And Christ who died for love of men  
Can bring the wanderers home again.

## ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

I THINK we should have spoken,  
    You and I :  
The glance that questioned  
    Met but faint reply :  
And yet we were together  
    On the road,  
Both pilgrims to one homeland  
    And one God.  
So we, who knew each other  
    Scarce at all,  
Should not have been by shyness  
    Held in thrall.

Yet, though we do not utter  
    Half our thought,  
By fealty of spirit  
    Help is wrought.  
The presence of a comrade  
    Makes us strong ;  
The sign of praise and joyance  
    Starts a song ;  
The influence of friendship  
    Lights hope's spark,  
As when we say " Our Father "   
    In the dark.

There may be silent blessings  
    We can bring  
To those who tread the highway  
    Of the King :  
If Christ's dear love constrain us,  
    We may be  
Alert and strong in spirit,  
    Brave and free ;  
And thought may ask a question,  
    Or reply ;  
But yet—we should have spoken,  
    You and I.

## ONE WHO IS DEAR

Do you know this lady ?  
Radiant eyes of blue,  
Soft but understanding,  
Look you through and through.  
When she seems to choose you,  
Calls you to her side,  
Honoured by her favour,  
You are filled with pride.

No one can ignore her  
Where she comes to stay :  
In all conversations  
She has much to say.  
Question follows question,  
And she judges you,  
Are you wise and worthy ?  
Are your answers true ?

Men who have grown weary  
In the day's hard fight,  
Soon forget their troubles  
In her sweet delight.  
Gloom, and hate, and anger,  
Vanish when she comes,  
For she makes a dwelling  
Happiest of homes.

Let no evil touch her,  
Even unawares,  
Shield her by your loving,  
Guard her by your prayers.  
Do you know this lady,  
Sweet and undefiled ?  
She is Little Winsome,  
Any mother's child.



## OF THE FAMILY

BROTHERS and sisters, everywhere  
We feel each other near and true ;  
Voices we know are in the air,  
And round about are love and care,  
And I am one with you.

We pray together, though apart,  
And pray not for ourselves alone.  
A multitude, but one in heart,  
Our fellowship heals many a smart,  
And each is as our own.

Love bears us upward on its wings  
And strengthens joy, and casts out fear,  
And sometimes in our wanderings  
We hear the voice of one who sings,  
And know a brother near.

The lonely life is never best,  
We, therefore, though through shades of night,  
Pursue together one great quest  
For pardon, purity and rest,  
So pressing toward the light.

Because we all much pardon need  
And wish the holy will were done,  
Because, whate'er our place and creed,  
One gracious Christ we love and plead,  
His Spirit makes us one.

This is the harvest time of speech,  
And churches all keep festival,  
Yet one great aim, one Heaven we preach,  
And stretch our eager hands to reach  
Him who is Lord of all.

Sisters and brothers let us be  
United in the Name we love,  
The best in one another see,  
And so shall all, from anger free,  
Be as God's hosts above.

### DOROTHY

THOU hadst a child-life glad with happy laughter,  
Fair as the flowers of May ;  
Yet a sweet seriousness did follow after,  
As shadows cross the day.

Only a few years made thy sum of girlhood ;  
Happy they were and sweet,  
With love of garden, meadow, and the wild-wood  
And flowers about thy feet.

Hearts turned to thee, our ever well-beloved,  
Who came into life's need ;  
Graceful, devoted, tender, thou hast proved  
A " Gift of God " indeed.

Yet He has called thee back who one time lent thee !  
The birds and roses come,  
But even Love itself at length hath sent thee  
Into His heavenly home.

Thou art safe now. No cold winds can assail thee,  
There in that summer-land,  
Where surely dear ones waiting were to greet thee,  
One of the household band.

Our lonely home, our aching hearts must miss thee,  
Our Dorothy—God's gift ;  
But Heaven is thine—perhaps the angels kiss thee—  
Faith shall our hopes uplift.

And it may be that sometimes thou art near us  
In ministries of love ;  
So thy last saying, "*Jesus knows*," shall cheer us  
Till we too pass above.

## THE JOY OF THE ROAD

MARCH together,  
Sunny weather  
Wakens hope and starts a song ;  
Be not weary,  
Nothing dreary  
Hurts brave souls that press along.

Let the youngest  
And the strongest  
Learn the gladness of the way ;  
They inherit  
Joy of spirit  
Who can sing as well as pray.

Onward ever !  
Glad endeavour  
Lights the longest path with cheer,  
Comrades duly  
Aid you truly,  
Love is yours, and God is near.

Sunbeams listen,  
Listen, listen—  
Songs of those who went before !  
They will meet you,  
They will greet you,  
Fellow-travellers of yore.

Help each other,  
Sister, brother,  
Wise and trusty, true and kind,  
Keep together,  
Sing together,  
Wheresoe'er the road shall wind

## ONE OF YOU

I WATCH you, crowds of people,  
In church, or mart, or street ;  
I see your eager faces,  
And hear your hurrying feet.  
I know the love that gives you joy,  
I know the ills you fear ;  
For I myself am one of you,  
And the Father holds all dear.

O men and women, sighing  
For sorrow and for sin,  
Yet strong in brave endeavour,  
We all are of one kin.  
I walk beside you hopefully,  
Along the homeward way :  
For God is blessing each of us  
In the sunshine of His day.

We scarcely know each other,  
So large our family ;  
But yet I pray God bless you all—  
Pray you the same for me.  
Let us work on together,  
Nor fearful be, nor sad ;  
But trust and sing and hope as they  
Whom a Father's love makes glad.

## CONFESSORS

THEY are not those who fight for place,  
Or strain for wealth or strive for fame :  
They live before the Master's face,  
And in His name.

He sends them forth from day to day,  
His mission theirs to aid and bless ;  
And they pass on their pleasant way,  
Him to confess.

Some bear their witness to a crowd,  
Some timid ones, afraid and weak,  
Dare not confess His name aloud,  
Their actions speak.

But all, because they know their Lord,  
And His salvation makes them glad,  
In life and spirit preach His word  
Unto the sad.

Earth is the sweeter for their stay,  
And men are braver for their lore ;  
Through them one learns Christ every day,  
And loves Him more.

The kindly and compassionate,  
The true, the firm, the leal and strong,  
About us everywhere they wait  
And lead our song.

Christ's men and women, good to know !  
I would be always one of you,  
And humbly serve my Master so  
In spirit true.

Teach me to love, and work, and give,  
To pray, and praise, and keep the tryst,  
And all my happy life to live  
Confessing Christ.

## TEACH US TO LOVE

LORD, teach us how to love  
After Thine own great way ;  
So much of self is in our love,  
Deliver us, we pray.

Our hearts are cold and hard,  
So little are we moved,  
And yet we should know how to love,  
For we Thy love have proved.

Give us the light and glow  
The passion and the power ;  
Send the warm springtide to our hearts  
To consecrate love's hour.

O Lord, whose wondrous love  
Allured Thee from above,  
Quicken our hearts for Thy dear sake,  
And teach us how to love.

## FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED

He is about you everywhere ;  
Perhaps he is your cross, or care,  
He needs your pity and your prayer  
For whom Christ died.

He walks life's ways with weary feet,  
He faces you where cross roads meet—  
Without Him is your Heaven complete  
For whom Christ died ?

You turn to him unpitying eyes  
Because he is not strong nor wise :  
He is the man whom you despise  
For whom Christ died.

Much wrong and evil has he done,  
He does not know himself God's son,  
He does not dream *he* is the one  
For whom Christ died.

But unto you it is revealed ;  
Then stand beside him on the field,  
And hearten him, lest he should yield,  
For whom Christ died.

His heart is sad, his eyes are dim,  
Fill up his joy-cup to the brim.  
Be brave, and true, and strong for him  
For whom Christ died.

## SUGGESTION

I HAVE a little box  
    Of sandal wood,  
And its sweet and fragrant scent  
Comes to me, as with intent,  
From a land of blue seas over,  
Where is many a happy lover,  
And the gay flowers are in bloom,  
Out of reach of winter's gloom,  
Where the nightingales are singing,  
And the merry laugh is ringing,  
For the winds are never cold.  
And that region, fair and old,  
Is the home of love and gold :  
So I prize my little box  
    Of sandal wood.

I know a little deed,  
    Like sandal wood,  
It has brought into a night  
Whispered prophecies of light,  
And of flowers for me to gather,  
With new blessings from the Father.  
It has lessened a long pain,  
And has wakened hope again,  
So the joys of earth are dearer,  
And the bliss of Heaven is nearer :  
There is sunshine in my day :  
There is love-light on my way,  
And I praise when I would pray,  
So I bless the little deed  
    Like sandal wood.



## "TURNED PILLOWS"

"It is such a comfort to her to have her pillow turned ; it seems to soothe and refresh her. She told me she wished someone would write a poem on Turned Pillows ; so wondered if you would."—*A Letter.*

I READ the words with sympathy :  
But still my own heart sometimes asks,  
Why does God let such suffering be ?  
Why set His own such fearful tasks ?  
Yet faith has here her victories won,—  
"The Lord is good : His will be done."

I have not seen this tired, hot head,  
The weary eyes that speak of pain,  
The restless tossing on the bed,  
The nights whose tedious hours remain.  
But much of this we all have seen,  
And I can read the lines between.

My heart aches for you, dear unknown ;  
Yet God some compensation sends :  
He does not leave His child alone,  
Love looks through eyes of many friends,  
And when pain's fever aches and burns,  
Love's tender hands the pillow turns.

It is a little thing to do,  
And yet it is a prophecy ;  
Christ's kind hand oft is laid on you,  
That Love's sweet vision you may see :  
And you will know the deep, cool rest  
Of those who sleep on Jesus' breast.

The hours of pain need pillows turned,  
But soon another day will break,  
When God has taught and you have learned  
What He can do for Love's dear sake.  
You will forget each painful thing  
When your glad eyes have seen the King.

## HAVE FAITH IN FOLKS

Good and wise, if quaint and homely,  
Is this motto for our living ;  
Lack of faith brings many sorrows,  
Trustful souls are rich through giving ;  
Cold suspicion leads to strife,  
Faith makes beautiful all life.

Summer has November in it  
If we do not trust each other ;  
Gloom is in the heart of any  
Who must always blame a brother ;  
Life has roses all the year  
For the man of kindly cheer.

Evil dreams and fears assault him  
Who the worst is ever thinking ;  
Who looks sourly on the world  
Gall and wormwood has for drinking ;  
Therefore, lest thy spirit thirst,  
Be not swift to think the worst.

Let thy heart be strong for loving,  
Judge not others are deceiving,  
God is Father of us all,  
Therefore live and love, believing ;  
Faith inspires true faithfulness,  
Trust and love all life shall bless.

## A NEW HOME

It has not any memories  
Of the past,  
And all its stories  
Are as yet to make ;  
But Hope's fair fancies  
Are about it cast,  
And prophecies of good  
Are for Love's sake :  
Romance paints pleasant pictures  
For each room,  
And joy will dwell therein  
And banish gloom.

For into it you bring  
The same old life  
Of love and glad thanksgiving,  
And high aim,  
Old love of peace  
And old dislike of strife,  
And royal reverence  
For the sacred name ;  
And chivalry, and honour,  
And fair grace  
Shall in this home of yours  
Ever find place.

God bless your new home  
As He blessed the old,  
And keep your dear ones  
Safe within its walls.  
God make you glad  
With much of life's pure gold,  
And keep your hearts alert  
To Duty's calls.  
His peace and presence  
To you all be given,  
And make the new home  
As a gate to Heaven.

## SIGNATURES

WHAT shall I sign myself,  
Loving you dearly ?  
What words could better be  
Than " Yours sincerely " ?  
Yours by my gift of love  
Tender and real,  
Yours in all work and rest  
Constant and leal ;  
Yours not unmeaningly,  
Not for form merely.  
Yours am I, heart and hand,  
" Yours most sincerely."

What shall I sign myself ?  
Hearts have said dumbly,  
In the quaint phrase of old,  
" I am, yours humbly,"  
" Yours most obediently,"  
" Yours to command,"  
So wrote the highest  
And best in the land :  
Shall I not copy them.  
Loyal and fervent ?  
Yours, for the love of you,  
Ever your servant.

What shall I sign myself ?  
" Faithfully yours " ?  
Love that is worth most  
Is love that endures.  
Hackneyed by common use ?  
Nay, but word fairest :  
Faithfulness ever  
Is grace that is rarest.  
What can say more for me  
That I intend ?  
I am, yours faithfully,  
Lover and friend.

Words in most frequent use  
Well may prevail,  
"Yours most respectfully"  
Tells its own tale;  
If I should sign myself  
Only "Yours truly,"  
Would it not be enough  
Put in words duly?  
When, in the smallest note,  
Writing to you,  
Could I be other than  
Steadfast and true?

So, I will sign myself  
Yours what you please,  
"Yours," the inclusive word,  
Meaning all these:  
Yours am I evermore,  
Yours at my best,  
Service, and love, and life  
Put to the test:  
Yours, in a constancy  
Time cannot sever;  
Yours as you will, my friend,  
Only yours ever.

### TIME TO PRAY

"There were only a few old people at church, such as come every day."

THEY cannot answer the bells' sweet call  
To the daily hour of prayer  
Who are fighting odds in the battle of life,  
And are full of toil and care:  
Scarcely a thought do they spare for God  
Except in some urgent case,  
And yet they are living but half their life  
Who seek not the Father's face.

But the old, old women and aged men  
Who slowly pace the aisle  
Are praying not for themselves alone,  
When they come to rest awhile.  
The burden-bearers are in their thoughts  
(They have cast *their* burdens down),  
And they say "God bless them, my busy ones,  
That they do not lose life's crown."

Our old folk wait at the church in the house,  
And sit by the winter fire,  
And they think swift thoughts that arise to God  
In holy and calm desire.  
They plead for those in the strain and stress,  
The noon of the working day,  
But they have finished the tasks that were set,  
And have time to trust and pray.

We cannot tell why the succour comes  
In the hour of our utmost need,  
But perhaps we have guidance, and help, and strength,  
Because others intercede.  
Oh, dear ones, filling your waiting time  
In beautiful Christ-like ways,  
For the power, and the time, and the will to pray,  
Together we give God praise.

OF MEN AND MOVEMENTS





## Of Men and Movements

### WHO MEETS THE NEED?

(Among the last words uttered by Dr. Barnardo were these : "*The children will need me more than ever this winter.*")

THE strong heart had grown weaker,  
Brave eyes through pain were dim,  
He thought of his large family—  
But the Father thought of him :  
He deemed the children needed him,  
God knew *he* needed rest,  
And gave him sudden quietness  
And the joy of ended quest.

Ah ! England has her patriots  
Who for her glory fight :  
Barnardo rescued her from shame,  
And gave her love and light ;  
A greater patriot than them all,  
A holier war he fought ;  
And what would England be to-day,  
But for Barnardo's thought ?

Full fifty thousand boys and girls  
Untaught, unsaved, he won :  
Think, if he had not rescued them  
What evils had they done !  
He loved them into being good,  
He found them home and friends ;  
His trophies they, prepared, equipped  
For lives of noblest ends.

It will take many brave, strong souls  
To fill Barnardo's place !  
But he awoke men's pity  
And taught them acts of grace :  
And a thousand workers do his work,  
Ten thousand pray his prayers—  
The waifs are no more desolate  
For every Christian cares.

### CRUSADERS AT HEART

"Roseleyne was ever a passionate Crusader at heart."—MARITIME ALPS.

SHE dwelt in her Abbey, and kept her nuns  
To their works of love and prayer :  
She faced the days with a brave true faith  
Whatever they brought of care :  
But her thoughts and hopes were away at the wars,  
And her spirit was fain to be there,  
For she was at heart a Crusader.

She did what she could, for she held her faith  
Dearer than place or gold ;  
She was a lady of great renown  
In those valiant days of old ;  
And she fought with the weapons at her command  
The saintly woman and bold,  
For she was a true Crusader.

Her sisters are living in every land,  
Less great but as brave as then,  
And they send, equipped, to the holy war  
Their honoured and best-loved men ;  
They, too, through strenuous days fight on  
With weapons of speech and pen,  
For they are at heart Crusaders.

A war most fierce must be waged to-day  
 Against cruelty, vice and greed ;  
 For the holy places of heart and home  
 The women must intercede :  
 Their courage and faith will inspire true men  
 To many a valiant deed,  
 If they are at heart Crusaders.

They send men forth to a mighty war  
 And the foe they meet is Wrong ;  
 And the women's voices are clear and sweet  
 When the fight is fierce and long :  
 And they have their part in the battles won  
 And the joy of the victor's song,  
 For they are at heart Crusaders.

### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

LADY of sacred memories  
 Lasting for fifty years,  
 You gave us, when was call for help  
 As well as sighs and tears,  
 The priceless boon of your own life,  
 Brave pioneer of skill,  
 In that grim hour of England's grief,  
 Dark time of shame and ill.

You went away to awful scenes  
 Of carnage and of death ;  
 Our dying soldiers prayed for you  
 With their last sobbing breath :  
 You were the bravest of them all  
 Dear officer of heaven,  
 And Britain ever since has prayed  
 God's best to you be given.

Perhaps because of all our love  
God spares you to us yet,  
For, though we are so slow to learn,  
We never can forget ;  
And now, in cottage or in hall,  
Green lane, or busy street,  
Some voices, low with reverence,  
Your deed of grace repeat.

To-day, on every battlefield,  
Some, proud to bear your name,  
Women of skill and tenderness,  
Perpetuate your fame.  
And wounds are healed, and lives are saved,  
And children dry their tears,  
Because your gracious ministry  
Has shone for fifty years.

But, lady of the brave, strong heart,  
Do you not hear with pain,  
How fierce the battle rages yet,  
While hate and strife remain ?  
Oh ! would to God that while you stay  
This fearful thing might cease,  
And you might send the news to heaven  
That o'er the earth is peace !

## EDNA LYALL

SHE wrote from out her woman's heart,  
A tender heart, and great and good,  
The things that touch the "better part,"  
And those high themes she understood;  
God taught her, and without pretence  
She took us into confidence.

She lived in quiet ways of peace,  
She knew the snowdrops in the dell,  
She watched the tempests rise and cease,  
And she heard what the soft winds tell;  
The world of Nature was her own,  
She knew its every look and tone.

Her quiet eyes saw hearts of things,  
And from her pity grew large love,  
She saw that souls had hidden wings  
To bear them near to Heaven above;  
She had strong hope, and no despair  
Stole faith away from her kind prayer.

And we condemn our kin the less,  
Hope where we do not understand;  
Because of her large-heartedness  
Some hate has died from out the land.  
Struggles she had, but patience made  
Her strong and brave and unafraid.

And now she sees the face of God,  
And hears her Master's word "Well done."  
And we will climb where she has trod,  
And seek the heights which she has won;  
There is no need to wail and weep,  
She did good work, and fell asleep.

## HAPPY VOYAGER

"I am sailing to-night for God's own country."—SEDDON.

BLUE skies above, blue seas below,  
And he is happy, homeward bound,  
His life has reached its sunset glow,  
God's love is all around.

His thoughts go forward to the land  
Where men are brave, and life is youth,  
And he is leader of a band  
For brotherhood and truth.

Dear to him those entrancing isles  
Where grateful people hail him king,  
Where freedom reigns, and nature smiles,  
And hearts for gladness sing.

Ah, homeland of "delicious air"!  
"I sail to God's own country." Yea,  
The wish becomes an answered prayer  
When Seddon sails away.

But God a better country knows,  
Love has prepared a great surprise,  
For, when His servant seeks repose,  
Heaven meets his opening eyes.

Oh, voyager beloved and blest,  
Thy tasks complete, the goal is won,  
Thine are the swift reward and rest  
And thine Christ's word, "Well done."

## A SONG OF A PLEDGE

A LITTLE group in a little room,  
And a covenant made with Christ.  
They vowed to trust Him and do His will  
And loyally keep their tryst :  
They would read His word, and commune with Him,  
And serve Him with all their might,  
And live and love and work in His name,  
And walk to Heaven in the light ;  
And tnis their pledge should abide for ever,  
For this was their Christian Endeavour.

The years since then are twenty-five—  
History-making years !  
And the work begun in that little room,  
With solemn prayers and fears,  
Has spread abroad over all the earth,  
Touching the hearts of youth,  
Till now four millions have signed that pledge  
To serve the Christ with truth,  
And cling to Him so that nought can sever,  
For this is their Christian Endeavour.

Ministers, teachers and missionaries,  
The deaf and dumb and the blind,  
Persecuted Endeavourers—  
All whom the truth could find,  
Mothers and fathers, daughters and sons,  
The rich, the poor, small and great,  
Christians, citizens, masters and men,  
All to-day are elate ;  
For the blessing has come and will fail them never,  
For theirs is the Christian Endeavour.

God be thanked over all the earth,  
In the snow, the storm and the heat.  
Our strong young soldiers of Christ the King  
Are not afraid of defeat.  
And heart to heart they are brave for Him  
And loyally keep their tryst;  
For this is a day of gold to young hosts  
Who have avowed to obey the Christ.  
And the pledge they have signed shall be kept for ever.  
For this is the Christian Endeavour.



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